Midnight Fangs

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Midnight Fangs

by Silvaxus

Summary

The task had sounded easy to someone with Hannibal Lecter's intelligence and professional experience. He was supposed to evaluate the mental stability of an FBI agent. The second Hannibal saw a mere photo of Will Graham; he was fascinated; the moment he saw the wolf looking at him from deep blue eyes, Hannibal felt intrigued.

However, having the wolf close made his fangs ache, his body sing and a pleasant challenge for Hannibal's own sharp mind.

Notes

Hey everyone,

so...this story took me forever because this year isn't kind to me. First, the surgery in January fucked my head up for good and it took me weeks to get out of my hole, then Corona it this fucked up world and two weeks ago and had to say goodbye to my beloved kitty after 13 years. I miss him every day but I can feel him and his brother still around me even when I can't see them anymore. They are here and they loved to keep me company when I was writing.

I felt like I owned them to finish this story. They both had their ways of keeping me company and I miss them but we'll meet again at some point.

I hope you guys will enjoy this story. I've finished writing this story and will update it once or twice a week depending on my mood and time. should you find mistakes which make no sense or hard grammar mistakes, please tell me and I try to fix it as soon as I can.

have fun,

silva

See the end of the work for more notes

Wolf's Gaze

Hannibal stood in his office, leaning back against his desk, with a slim folder in his hand. He had read the pages inside the folder several times already and memorized each word, but he wasn't reading anyway. He was staring down at the picture of the person he was supposed to observe and psychoanalyze for the FBI.

If Hannibal hadn't known that this was the official photo the FBI had provided him of Professor Will Graham, he would have thought someone had handed him a picture of a serial killer, smart and cunning. Not a mug shot, no, serial killers with this kind of expression proofed to be too smart to be arrested alive, if they ever ended up arrested at all.

Will Graham was leaning slightly in the direction of the camera and looking at the lens from under his lashes. His hair would be long if not for the soft dark curls falling almost playfully into his face. It was a beautiful face, Hannibal had to admit while he sipped from his glass filled with blood wine.

A beautiful yet masculine face, strong jaw, and it wasn't the first time while looking at the picture that Hannibal frowned at the angle as it was hiding Will Graham's throat from his view in an almost insolent way. The dark scruff didn't look untended but thoroughly taken care of.

However, it were Will Graham's eyes that Hannibal couldn't forget even when he closed the file and put it out of immediate reach. They were of such a wild and deep blue that they had a hypnotic quality to them. When Hannibal had first taken a look at the picture, he had to make sure the information provided to him by the FBI was correct. Will Graham was a wolf, no special side notes, but if anyone had told Hannibal that Will Graham was one of his kin, a vampire of old age, he wouldn't have been surprised.

There was barely contained wildness in these eyes, eyes that had seen too much, with streaks of barely contained violence. Even the lousy quality of the photo, at least to Hannibal's keen eyes, couldn't hide the fact that there was something feral hiding within Will Graham...and Hannibal felt drawn entirely and fascinated by it.

Wolves were rarely of any real interest to Hannibal. It had nothing to do with him being a vampire; it was a myth of the dark ages that wolves and vampires couldn't get along. No, it was that Hannibal despised the pack mentality so many wolves relied on and could barely function without it. Everyone could be strong with a pack at his back. While Hannibal knew that this was the way of wolves, he couldn't understand how someone who only shifted into their other side for three nights a month during the full moon could live with such an animal mentality during the rest of the month. He knew that there were still a few wolves left unbound by the watered-down blood that forced the rest of their kin to be bound to the moon to shift. They were still more wolf than human, but they were rare and usually hid themselves quite well.

Hannibal could still remember the wars from the past when the packs had fought each other. The fallen bodies of humans and wolves sides by side. Only a pureblood wolf would return to the, for him, natural form of the animal when Death came to take them into the next realm.

Sipping his wine, Hannibal closed the folder, but the picture was still following him in his mind. Eyes of feral blue. Hannibal asked himself what Will would look like when he allowed the beast hiding behind his eyes to come to the forefront. The mental version of the photo Hannibal had stored away deep in his mind palace changed but only in minor detail. Will was now smiling, a thin-lipped smile that couldn't be really called a smile. Just the corner of his mouth pulled up a bit, revealing the tip of a canine tooth, maybe a tad too sharp for a wolf in human form, but Hannibal was a vampire after all. Imagining a fellow predator as a vampire came too easy to him.

He emptied his wine and put the folder away before he closed his office and used the hidden door to walk back into his home. Once he reached his bedroom, he took his suit jacket and waistcoat off. The tie went off as well. For a moment, he thought about something more practical to wear instead of his dress shirt, a crisp white, before he decided against it. Tonight he would only observe; however, suit pants are rather impractical to follow someone when he planned to do it in the darkness of the night.

Jack Crawford had informed him about a new crime scene, and that Will Graham would be present as well. Perfect for getting a good look on Will Graham out in the field without the prejudice one would show to a psychiatrist...and maybe towards a vampire.

Once he was dressed in a fitting way, all dark lines and leather jacket, Hannibal left his home. It was already deepest night outside, the best time of the day in his opinion, but Hannibal could feel the energy in the darkness. The beasts of the night were scenting blood in the air, and they wanted a taste of it.

Smiling to himself, Hannibal vanished in the shadows of the night. He was not only one of the beasts but the most powerful one in the area of Baltimore. *This* was his territory, and most of his kin stayed far away from it for a reason.

The night was beautiful, and the silence was only disturbed by the wind rushing past Hannibal while he crossed the landscape with long and vast steps. It wouldn't do any good to arrive at the crime scene in his car. He would be noticed, and his mission was to remain unseen until it was time to meet Will Graham in person. What would his eyes look like in real and not a photo? Hannibal tried to keep this thought far away from his mind for the time being. It was a curiosity he would see sated sooner, not later.

He could smell the scents of blood, fear and death before he arrived at the crime scene, hidden from prying eyes in the darkness of the night.

People dressed in FBI jackets swarmed the place, the yellow tape marked the site where the body was waiting patiently. The dead were nothing but patient in Hannibal's experience.

He walked silently around the masses of people and breathed in deep to get as many scents as possible. Scents and pieces of information bombarded the vampire's senses.

He could scent many different wolves, which didn't surprise him. Working for law enforcement served the wolf's need for a pack mentally entirely. There was a taste of magic in the air as well, but from a distance, and with so many people present, Hannibal couldn't tell who was the magic-wielder among them. A faint scent of a shapeshifter was carried over to Hannibal by the wind. He stopped walking and scanned the darkness for a flamboyant redhead among the people behind the barrier built by the local police.

Hannibal couldn't spot who he was looking for, but that didn't mean that said shifter wasn't among the people around the crime scene.

Impatience rose within Hannibal when he couldn't find the one wolf he wanted to see. The others were a mere necessity for seeing the one Hannibal was so curious about.

Noticing that the wind was changing, Hannibal moved and walked closer to the dead body. He didn't think that one of the mutts, that's what he thought about them, would pick up on his scent but better safe than sorry. A wolf picking up his scent on a crime scene could lead to unwanted attention for his person. There was only one vampire in the region of Baltimore, after all.

Jack Crawford was barking orders at his agents while checking his phone with an angry expression. Hannibal guessed that Jack was waiting for the same wolf as Hannibal himself.

A car parked close to the FBI cars and a man with tousled hair in a dark green jacket with pulled up lapels left the vehicle. Even from a distance, Hannibal could see that it was indeed Will Graham, and he could see the aversion on the wolf's face while he looked at the many people swarming the place. Interesting behaviour for a wolf.

Without looking or taking notice of the others around him, Will crossed the distance between himself and Jack Crawford. They talked, and the wind carried fragments of their conversation to Hannibal. The rest drowned in the noises of the people working the crime scene.

Hannibal could hear Jack's scolding tone he used while talking to Will and Hannibal felt himself bristle. Not understanding his reaction at the moment, Hannibal listened to the scolding sound of Jack, the almost passive-aggressive tone of Will Graham, but Hannibal felt himself smirk when he saw the way Will held himself the second Jack turned his back to him.

Slightly leaned forward, easy on his feet, shoulders squared, and while one hand was buried deep in the pocket of his jacket, Will's other hand was visible, and Hannibal saw twitching fingers as if Will was holding himself back from burying claws in Jack Crawford's neck.

Feeling even more curious, Hannibal checked the wind once more and followed Jack and Will from a distance. The wolves reached the body of the victim, and with one barked order from Jack, everyone else left the crime scene like someone would use strings to make a puppet move. Sneering on the inside at the pack mentality shown so openly, Hannibal noticed that Will was breathing easier with the people around him gone, and when even Jack left him alone with the body, all tension left Will's body.

Frowning at the unusual reaction, Hannibal moved silently closer. Will stood entirely still and lifted his head to the sky. There was nothing but darkness and the branches of the trees above him. The branches looked like malformed limbs of creatures with long claws, but the wind was keeping them away from Will and made it look like the creatures were afraid to come to close to Will Graham, unlike another creature of the night roaming the darkness only to feel drawn to the wolf.

Stopping next to a tree and still hidden in the darkness, Hannibal was thankful for his excellent vision even in the dark. Will's hair was a bit longer than on the picture, the scruff more untamed as well, and the wind carried a faint scent of stress and annoyance from the wolf to the vampire. Will was still looking up in the sky and taking deep breaths, and so Hannibal was able to watch the long column of the wolf's throat, and the vampire felt his fangs slide down from his gums.

Will stood utterly still, and his breathing was smooth, and even but Hannibal could hear the wolf's pulse start to race for some reason. His fangs pulsated in the same rhythm as Will's heart began to beat faster.

When Will finally lowered his head to look at the body at his feet, his whole presence had changed. Hannibal couldn't put a name to it at the moment, but it felt like someone else at joined them in the darkness, but his senses told him that there only the three of them; the wolf, the vampire and the dead human.

Will's scent became something chilling, deadly and sharp like a honed blade held by someone who knew how to use it with deadly accuracy.

The scent was alluring and reminded Hannibal of the days of old times when hunting prey was still common practice. Hannibal prowled closer. The whole atmosphere around Will was like an alluring whisper to Hannibal's darkness and nature.

Hannibal knew he made no sound, and the wind couldn't carry his scent in Will's direction. There was no need to breathe for Hannibal, he had no real heartbeat, but that didn't stop Will Graham to rip his gaze from the body at his feet and stare in the direction where Hannibal was hiding.

Hannibal knew that he was hidden entirely thanks to his abilities as a vampire, but their eyes met in the darkness and Hannibal stared into eyes too blue to be human. There was no white left in Will's eyes, and the gaze of the wolf hiding beneath Will's skin was piercing and strong, just like the shiver of excitement running down Hannibal's back.

Psychiatrist for the Night

Chapter Notes

Hey guys,

as I've already promised last week -> Chapter 2 on Monday :D

Thank you all for your lovely feedback!

Enjoy the next part

Silva

The next morning came, and Hannibal was still unable to forget the look on Will's face when their eyes had met in the darkness. Eyes of pale blue, paler than Hannibal could remember from the photo, and there was no white left in these impressive eyes. A wolf's eyes in a human face, which had been unusual to begin with, just followed by the fact that Will seemed to be aware of Hannibal's presence in the forest. So many questions and yet no answers which annoyed Hannibal to a degree but it also gave him a satisfying feeling of curiosity which he hadn't felt in a long time. Life can get boring after a few centuries...and he had seen millennia come and go.

Today was the day he was supposed to meet Will Graham officially for the first time on more or less neutral ground at the office of Jack Crawford.

Freshly showered Hannibal considered today's wardrobe as not to scare the skittish wolf off. An unknown feeling of wanting to put the wolf at ease filled Hannibal's being and knew that his usual choice of dressing would only make the wolf hiss and growl for some reason.

Trusting his instincts even when he couldn't explain his reaction at all, Hannibal picked a cream coloured sweater over a light grey dress shirt and jacket of the same soft grey. Now he looked as non-threatening as a vampire of his strength and age could appear.

Chuckling to himself, Hannibal finished getting dressed, drank his coffee and left his home. Driving from Baltimore to the FBI would take him up to an hour, but he preferred to be right or time if not a bit too early.

The drive was fast and easy, too late for rush hour and too early for those looking for lunch. It was a beautiful day. The time of the year when autumn slowly became winter and with the trees resembling flowers with their bright coloured leaves in yellow, red and still partly green. The sky was of a bright blue dotted with white clouds, and everything was bathed in pale sunlight. The beauty of the day was nothing but pretense on nature's side. Winter was coming

slowly but with strength. The air was cold and tasted of frost.

The predator hiding under Hannibal's skin was curious if Will's wolf would enjoy a hunt in the snow, at night, with the moon a pale and bright disc high up in the sky.

Frowning at the strange curiosity, Hannibal directed his focus back in the road and the changing season outside of his car.

Most people still believed that vampires could be hurt by sunlight, a myth told by humanity to make themselves feel safe during the day when they were nothing but prey in the night. Hannibal wasn't prone to take a sunbathe, but he still enjoyed the warmth on his ever cold skin.

The drive was over without him taking any real notice of it.

He parked his car away from those of the FBI and the students, no need to get his Bentley damaged by someone in a hurry or a careless idiot. Several minutes later and armed with a visitor pass, Hannibal knocked on the door of the office of Jack Crawford.

The agent's voice was more like a bark, and this alone amused the vampire every time.

Walking in, Hannibal scanned the room with his senses. It was a medium-sized office full of files and cases, photos from crime scenes and pictures of the victims. More than one had been Hannibal's at some point, but they were only cattle to him, and no one would guess that they had been the victim of a vampire. Smiling inwardly, Hannibal closed the door only to try and hide his disgust behind a mask of calm sophistication. He hated the scent of werewolves in closed-off rooms. It smelled like something between wet fur, dog and warm almost human blood.

The realization hit Hannibal like a brick. He had made sure last night that he stood in Will's wind shadow to hide his scent, which meant that he had to be able to scent Will, but...there had been nothing of the stench he associated with wolves.

Putting this new fact of the strange profiler away in a corner of his mind, Hannibal focused on the other wolf, the reeking one, in the room.

"Good morning, Doctor Lecter. I had hoped to see you last night at the crime scene when I left my message. You would have been able to see Will Graham live and in action, so to speak."

Hannibal shook the offered hand and eyed the not so clean looking chairs in front of Jack's desk.

"I'm sorry I couldn't make it, Jack, but I had an appointment with a patient I couldn't reschedule to another time. I'm sure there will be enough time to speak to Agent Graham in the future."

Choosing the chair with only a few stains, Hannibal sat down and crossed his legs over another. The second he was sitting, Jack's whole posture relaxed, but Hannibal doubted that it was a conscious act. The prey part of Jack's nature knew that there was something with bigger teeth in the room.

"As much as I hope so, I know that it won't be easy to get Will to accept your presence at all, Doctor Lecter. Many have tried to...cure him and failed. To say he's wary of everyone with a degree and calls themselves a psychiatrist would be an exaggeration."

Yeah, Hannibal had guessed as much, and he would pay a lot of Will's former psychiatrists a nightly visit. He knew *exactly* what was haunting the young wolf, an extreme form of Empathy Disorder. Rare and most people don't make it far into adulthood, to begin with, but this wolf was...a mystery of his own.

"And as I already told you, Jack, I'm merely here to talk to your agent. He won't be a patient of mine, but I will listen should he wish to talk about the incident, which is the reason you asked me to evaluate Will Graham."

The incident had been an arrest gone horribly wrong. The suspect, a poor excuse of a killer and wolf, had tried to kill his hostage, his own daughter, and Will had snapped. He had ripped the other wolf apart with teeth and hands and turned the kitchen into a bloodbath.

Most had put it off as a single incident because it had happened only hours away from the full moon.

Hannibal wasn't so sure after what he had seen last night. The full moon was still too far away for Will to call on his wolf so easily that the beast could look at Hannibal from a human face.

Jack huffed at Hannibal's words and put some files away.

"The incident as you call it makes people nervous. A teacher and profiler shouldn't be able to do something like this, and the higher-ups want proof that they don't have a rabid...wolf in their ranks."

The pause in Jack's speech made Hannibal clench his teeth. It would do no good to snarl at Jack and defend someone he hadn't had officially met yet, but he had heard the insult at Will's person loud and clear. To call a werewolf a dog was the same level of insult, like calling a vampire a bloodsucker. That Jack, as a wolf himself, would allow something like this to roll off his tongue, made Hannibal want to paint the walls a rusty red.

"From what I read in the file of Agent Graham, I don't think that this was a usual behaviour for him. A mix of stress, bloodlust and the full moon only hours away seem more like an explanation of his behaviour than call him a rabid dog, Agent Crawford."

A petty move, Hannibal knew, but it satisfied the need to guard the wolf that fascinated him so much.

Before Jack could reply, his face a healthy shade of red, another knock sounded from the door, but the one behind the door didn't wait for Jack to call them in and just opened the door.

A dishevelled looking Will Graham walked in with a leather bag tucked under his arm. His hair was a messy mass of dark curls, and the expression on his face switched from tired to annoyed within a breath.

Will looked from Hannibal to Jack and back to Hannibal. His blue eyes were all human now, and nothing of the wolf was to be seen, hiding behind his mask of humanity and civilization.

"What's the matter this time, Jack? Another body found?"

Jack waved Will in and pointed at the other empty chairs.

"Will, sit down, please. This is Doctor Hannibal Lecter."

Will sat down like an animal, unsure of the situation. He didn't want to be here, even for a second, and Hannibal understood this wish completely.

"What kind of Doctor are you?"

No pleasantries and straight to the point, the way Jack flinched was almost as amusing as the rude way Will addressed Hannibal.

"I used to a surgeon before I switched the field from tending broken bodies to helping heal the mind of my patients."

A subtle growl emanated from Will's chest. A deep sound and Hannibal felt more than heard it, but Jack reacted almost violently to it.

"Get a grip on yourself, Graham."

A barked order, as if Jack was unable to speak without barking at everyone.

"If I wouldn't have a grip on myself, Jack, we wouldn't have this conversation, not at all."

Will's voice was calm in a disturbing, eerie way, and even Hannibal could feel the hairs on his neck stand up at the not so subtle danger hanging in the air. Hannibal could taste the blood in the air, and as much as he wanted to see how this conversation could go horribly wrong, he decided against it.

"You don't strike me as someone prone to violence and bloodshed, Professor Graham." Better address him by his academic grade than as one of Jack's minions.

Will focused his glare for a moment longer at Jack before he turned to look at Hannibal. The vampire almost expected to meet the pale blue eyes of the wolf, but all too human eyes bet his own.

“I just don’t like to be psychoanalyzed. No one likes me when I’m psychoanalyzed, and I have my doubts you wouldn’t enjoy a bit of bloodshed, Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal smiled in a way that showed his fangs.

“Is me being a vampire a problem or me being a psychiatrist?”

Will frowned at him and tilted his head in a very wolf-like way as he thought about Hannibal’s question while Jack was wholly forgotten for the moment.

“I have nothing against vampires, Doctor Lecter. My roommate at the college was a vampire, and I had neither a problem with his nature nor did I have a problem to be his donor if he couldn’t find someone else sustaining him. My problem with you is that the FBI thinks another psychiatrist will be able to fix me.”

Interesting...most wolves would shy away from helping a vampire in need, yet Will Graham admitted that he even allowed his roommate to feed on him. A quick glance at Jack showed the other wolf’s distaste at the mere thought. He was going to try to make use of this none existing distaste for his advantage.

“So, you think you don’t need to be fixed?” A loaded question, Hannibal knew, but he wanted to hear Will’s answer to it.

“*I* think, Doctor Lecter, that the FBI only wants a free pass from you that they don’t have one of those bloodthirsty wolves they want to see locked up in their own ranks. *They* consider me too useful to lock me up or let me be in peace at all.”

Will was still glaring at Hannibal, but the vampire knew and could feel that the was merely the outlet for old anger.

“Is that so? Do you want me to just rubber-stamp you so you can get back into the field? And if the FBI thinks of you as unfit for field duty...why were you called just last night to assist at a case...out in the field?”

The smile Hannibal saw on Will’s face was all lupine smugness and human exhilaration. They looked away from each other to look at Jack, who looked like a storm cloud.

Anger mixed into the wolf stench, and that was the moment Hannibal realized that he could only scent Jack, not unusual considered it was his office they were sitting in, but he couldn’t make out *Will’s* scent.

Jack was clenching his teeth so hard that Hannibal could hear the sound of his teeth grinding against each other, and he had to keep himself from giving Jack a smile with far too many fangs on display. The wolf didn’t like it a bit that this meeting wasn’t going as he had planned the way he was acting.

“We needed your inside, Will, and we were better off getting it from a fresh crime scene. I

vouched for you, and you got the job done; we've got a profile on the killer."

Will shrugged and leaned back in his chair, only then did Hannibal notice that Will wasn't really looking at Jack but past him. Strange as he hadn't used such evasion with Hannibal. He had met Hannibal's gaze without hesitation or fear, yet he didn't meet the gaze of a fellow wolf.

"Whatever...what's his job now again?"

Hannibal had to keep himself from grinning again, and while he would consider this a rude behaviour from everyone else, this wolf was far too fascinating to meet the usual end for ignorant people.

"We still need Doctor Lecter's official psychological evaluation of you, Will, and I expect you to cooperate with Doctor Lecter."

Will made a face like he scented something sour.

"Fun...not. Don't expect me to be friendly. I don't care if he rubber-stamps me, Jack. Everyone seems to forget that I'm only working for the FBI as a professor for forensics and profiling. I help you because I want to, Jack, and right now, this 'want' to help you is barely existing anymore."

Jack started to growl, a typical alpha wolf behaviour, but Hannibal had enough of such irritating manners.

Turning himself away from Jack, a not so subtle gesture that Jack was excluded from Hannibal's next words.

"How about we talk about your work, and nothing more if you don't want to, Will. Is it okay to call you by your name?"

Will looked away from Jack and mimicked Hannibal's position in turning around the slightest bit to exclude Jack from their conversation. Another interesting thing.

"I'm not your patient, and neither am I going to be your patient, Doctor Lecter. I'm doing this to get the FBI off my back, and maybe I can go back to actual teaching."

Will made a pause and seemed to search for Hannibal's gaze he had avoided while turning around.

"And no, I don't mind you using my name."

Smiling, again with too much fang, but Will didn't even flinch. Hannibal fished a business card out of the pocket and handed it Will.

"Then I hope you'll find time to meet with me tomorrow evening, and please...call me Hannibal."

Strength in Solitude

Time slowed down to a crawl, and Hannibal was annoyed with himself for this feeling. He was a millennia-old vampire, but even centuries of war hadn't felt as long as the last twenty-four hours until it was time for his first unofficial session with Will.

He was even more annoyed with himself when he caught himself frowning at the suits in his closet.

With everyone else, Hannibal would have described this kind of behaviour as peacocking, but he was too old to do such things, but...here he was, unable to decide what suit he wanted to wear to meet with someone who wasn't even one his patients to begin with.

Growling at himself and Will Graham for taking so so much place in Hannibal's mind, Hannibal picked dark green suit pants, a light blue dress shirt and a matching waistcoat. It wasn't so much as 'peacocking' but putting Will at ease to look as close to casual as Hannibal could manage. He cursed Will Graham only a bit in a dark corner of his mind.

One of the benefits of having a home office was short ways from work to home and back. Too much time at his hands, Hannibal decided to analyze his behaviour regarding Will Graham.

Sitting down in the chair he always used while talking to his patients, Hannibal rolled his shoulders until his body relaxed before he turned his thoughts inwards.

Why was he so intrigued by a mere wolf? That was the question bothering him more than Hannibal liked to admit.

He conjured three pictures of Will Graham to the forefront of his mind.

The picture provided from the FBI, a picture of Will alone at the crime scene from two nights ago with his eyes gone all wolf and Will sitting in Jack Crawford's office, giving Hannibal his full attention.

There was something fundamentally different about Will Graham compared to other wolves. He seemed to have a closer connection to his wildness, to his wolf, and seemed to be able to call on his wolf should he need it. Hannibal hadn't had enough information, yet, of how close Will was to his wolf. He either had actually to ask Will and come clear with the fact that he had watched Will at the crime scene, or hope that Will would tell him on his own. Only time would soothe Hannibal's curiosity.

The next strange thing was Will's behaviour in Jack's office. It wasn't typical behaviour for a wolf.

Confronted with Jack's anger at his behaviour, Will neither submitted nor backed off. Jack

was older as a wolf and in a position of power while Will either had to work for Jack or was ‘just’ a teacher.

However, Will had cut Jack out of his conversion with Hannibal in the same way Hannibal had done, turning physically away from Jack.

After they came to an understanding when Will should arrive the next day, they had turned back to Jack, who was fuming in his chair. Neither Will nor Hannibal apologized to Jack, and the following few minutes of conversation were tense and growled words from Jack’s side, relaxed and at ease from Will and Hannibal.

After Jack kicked them out of his office when his phone rang, they exchanged a few pleasantries before Will excused himself to be on time for his next class.

Hannibal watched Will leave, searched for signs of tense muscles, underlying fear of having a vampire at his back...and found nothing. Will Graham simply walked away from him and barely acknowledged the wolves he met in the hallway before he walked around a corner and vanished from Hannibal’s sight.

Hannibal stood for another moment in the hallway, considering Will’s fearless leave while the other wolves put a bit more distance between themselves and Hannibal as an instinctive reaction.

Something Will seemed to lack completely.

The mystery that was Will Graham had woken something in Hannibal that had lain dormant for a long time, and now he had trouble putting it back in the dark.

A soft knock on his door rouse Hannibal from his thoughts.

Blinking, Hannibal looked outside and noticed that night had fallen, and a glance at his wristwatch showed him that it was time for Will’s appointment.

Another knock sounded from the door.

Getting up, Hannibal allowed himself a moment to make sure he looked presentable, *peacocking*, before he opened the door.

There, on the other side in the waiting room, stood the person who was the whole focus of Hannibal’s attention these days.

“Will. I’m sorry I left you waiting, please come in.”

Will nodded at him and walked past him into the room. Using the moment, Hannibal took a shallow breath when Will walked past him.

Forest, pines, frost, actual dogs, several of them, dust, people he had met during the day.

Interesting. Hannibal had been right before. Will didn't carry the usual stench of werewolves, the unpleasant scent of wet dog, and he seemed to be surrounded by several dogs regularly.

"Good evening, Hannibal, and no problem. I'm a bit early anyway."

Taking the jacket Will had thrown over his arm, Hannibal allowed Will a moment of silence to observe the room.

Will slowly walked through the room, scanning everything with sharp eyes, and Hannibal felt another curious streak raise its head. He wanted Will to take the room in, to take a part of Hannibal in and come to a decision.

"May I offer you a drink? Water, wine, coffee?"

Will turned around after he held himself back from letting his fingers glide over the smooth surface of Hannibal's statue of a stag.

When Will looked back at Hannibal, he blinked several times before he seemed to come back to himself.

"Do you offer alcohol to every patient of yours?"

Taking a moment to consider his answer, Hannibal walked over to the cabinet where he stored the wine.

"No, but considering that this is not a therapeutic session, you are not my patient, and you look like you had a long day, I thought that offering a glass of wine might help you to let go of the stress of your day."

It was true, Will looked tired, but his eyes were bright and sharp. Just the signs of a long day.

"I'll take wine then."

Filling two glasses with red wine, sweet with a floral taste and dark like blood, Hannibal handed one to Will, who took the glass and gave the dark liquid a quick sniff. Not like someone who knows how to taste a good wine but someone who could appreciate it nevertheless.

"Long day, I guess?"

Watching Will take a sip from the glass allowed Hannibal, only for a short moment, a clear view of Will's throat, and Hannibal decided it was the for the best to take a sip from his own glass.

"Not long, just annoying. Exams aren't far away, and my students slowly start to notice this. It means they are stressing themselves with having done nothing over the last months, stress for me for answering questions they shouldn't ask if they would pay attention."

Will leaned against the backrest of the chair, usually occupied by Hannibal's patients. He took another sip from his wine, and Hannibal could see some of the tension marking his shoulders melt away.

"Not every student wants to have their day filled with learning and exams, I guess."

Will huffed and looked at Hannibal over the brim of his glass.

"True, but wishing it would be different just to spare me the hassle on top of Jack haunting my every step."

Walking around Will, Hannibal sat down in his usual chair, and Will followed suit. Only when they had settled into their chairs, glasses held comfortable, did Hannibal noticed that they mirrored each other again just like the day before in Jack's office.

Relaxed pose, glass held at the stem, one leg thrown over the other.

"What did Uncle Jack wanted today from you?"

Will chuckled at Hannibal's way of addressing Jack. A deep rumble, more lupine than human.

"Hovering around my classes, trying to catch me during my lunch break to discuss cases with me...He even followed me into the bathroom and only walked off when I asked him if he wanted to follow me in the stall as well."

Looking at Will, Hannibal stopped taking a sip from his wine. This lack of personal space on Jack's side was bothersome, and he could see that Will was more than annoyed.

"Jack left me alone after that, but it was a close call. He's overstepping more boundaries than I like to admit and allow. I'm not one of his agents."

No, he wasn't, and today's incident only gave more colour to the picture Hannibal was already creating about Will in his mind.

"Spoken from a professional point of view, I think Jack's problem with you has a different origin than his wish of having you work for him."

Will froze in his chair, and Hannibal could hear the faint sound of groaning glass as WIll held too tightly onto the filigree stem of his glass. He didn't look at Hannibal but at the windows and out into the night.

"You think so?"

A simple and yet loaded question spoken in a clipped and cold voice.

Hannibal emptied his glass and got up to get himself a refill with the hope that with his back to Will, the wolf in his office would calm down again. It wasn't that he feared Will, but he

wanted the wolf to be at ease with him, wanted his trust, which was strange enough for Hannibal, and he chose to ignore the low ache he felt in his fangs.

“Yes. As you said yourself, you are not one of his agents, and you made this clear to him or tried to, and that several times as you said. Yet, Jack refuses this, refuses your chosen autonomy. He seems to have a problem with you standing your ground and reminding him that you aren’t one of his inner circle. He seems to think this could lead others to think to defy him as well. It’s a common issue with men in power, even more so with werewolves in power. They want to establish a pack-like construct that they can lead like an alpha wolf, but most often than not, they forget that they are part human as well. This human part makes it hard to establish a pack-like order even with human nature’s need for a social construct. Uncle Jack, I’m afraid, is a typical example for all of those cases, and you balk against it, which is completely understandable, in my opinion. If a vampire can allow himself an opinion on this topic.”

Will was utterly silent behind him, and Hannibal was long done with refilling his and glass. When he turned around, Will’s glass was empty, and so Hannibal walked over to give Will a refill as well, but before he reached Will, the wolf got up and started to pace inside the office like a caged animal.

Not wanting to disturb Will’s pacing from desk to window and back, Hannibal waited and leaned against the cabinet holding his drinks.

Will was moving like a wolf trapped in human skin. Slow but fluent movements with the ability to strike out any moment if provoked and as much as Hannibal wanted to see what could happen when Will was provoked, the urge to know what forced Will to react like this.

Will paced back and forth for several minutes before he sighed heavily and stepped up to Hannibal with his empty glass in his hand.

“You are good, you know.”

Neither praise nor a question, but Hannibal chose to answer with something open and straightforward.

“So I was told in the past.”

Amusement coloured Will’s face, and Hannibal had to admit that the small smirked on the wolf’s face gave him something sharp yet charming...in a dangerous way.

“I’m not going to ask what you mean when you say past because I know that you are old, even for a vampire. You feel completely different to me than any other vampire I’ve ever met.”

Refilling the glass when Will held it up, Hannibal looked at Will, who was a bit shorter than he was, with a raised eyebrow. Most people only ever guessed that he was old, but no one ever imagined him as *old*.

“You sound sure about this. Even among my own kin, it’s a rare knowledge of how old I really am.”

Will looked at him with knowing eyes, too old for his young face and a sign that he had already seen too much and so much more than anyone his young age should ever witness.

“It’s...difficult to explain. I was told I have an Empathy Disorder when I was younger. It’s difficult to interact with people because I just have to look at them and know their deepest desires, their most intimate wishes, I dig down to the very core of a person. However, when I joined the academy, I learned that with vampires, my Empathy Disorder is kinda messed up.”

Hannibal felt the urge to lean closer, to feel the faint pulse he could see under Will’s skin at his throat with his tongue. He held himself still, but something must have given him away, or maybe it was Will’s Empathy Disorder, but Will suddenly leaned his head aside and held Hannibal’s gaze.

“An answer for an answer the way it looks. You scented me earlier when I came in, just like you did yesterday in Jack’s office. You tell me why because my roommate told me that most vampires despite the scent of werewolves and I tell you the reason I know why I know that you are old even for a vampire and I will tell you why you are right with what you said about Jack earlier.”

Taking a sip from his wine because otherwise, Hannibal would bury his fangs in Will’s throat when he usually preferred humans donors or his own kin to drink from.

“Do you think it’s wise to offer a vampire your throat, Will?”

Hannibal didn’t care that his voice sounded gruff, and the words sounded broken as well because of his elongated fangs, but one could mistake it for an instinctive reaction.

“Not to any vampire but you, Hannibal, and not to drink. We both want answers, and we both are too curious to ask for them. I offer a way for both of us to get what we want.”

Putting his own and Will’s glass down next to the bottle of wine, Hannibal leaned in close to Will’s throat without further words.

Up close, the scent of pines in winter was more potent than before, just like the scent of dogs from Will’s clothes, but underneath...underneath was something Hannibal couldn’t name as a scent but as a feeling. Wildness, the thrill of the hunt under the moon and the pitch-black night. Will smelled of nightly hunts in winter, and it dragged memories from the pit of Hannibal’s mind from days when he had been human.

Feeling mildly disturbed, he crushed the memories and shoved them back before they could bring back more he didn’t want to remember. Leaning back, Hannibal noticed that Will’s eyes were those of a wolf again. Black surrounded by icy blue marked by a black ring around the blue.

“What do I smell like for you?”

Feeling the memories rise again, Hannibal allowed it for a moment to answer Will's question.

"Pines in winter, several dogs on your clothes but without the usual werewolf scent of a wet dog coming from *you* and scents of a hunt happening during the night in winter."

Will blinked, and his eyes were human again.

"My Empathy Disorder is confused by vampires to a certain degree, and the older the vampire, the less I get from them. From you, I get nothing or close to nothing most of the time. You were amused when I told Jack off yesterday, and I can feel your curiosity. I think whenever I get something from; it's related to me in some way."

This roused another wave of curiosity, but this time Hannibal aimed his whole focus on Will. What was lying under the facade of the teacher in front of him? Why were his eyes those of a human one moment of those of a wolf the next?

"Those are questions for another time, Hannibal."

Hannibal wasn't sure, but he thought that the edge of teeth he had seen when Will smiled at him had been too sharp for human teeth.

Will reached around Hannibal and took his glass from the cabinet. After a small sip from the red liquid, Will took a position right next to Hannibal against the cabinet.

"I'm a lone wolf, and neither does Jack understand it nor does he want to. He considers a wolf without a pack weak, which is his reason to try and take me 'under his wing.' Me refusing this and defying him in public pisses him off on a significant league level because he considers my behaviour the result of the lack of a proper alpha showing me the reins. In Jack's eyes, I'm a weak and uncontrolled wolf in desperate need of an alpha wolf. I, on the other hand, consider it amusing to see him go nuclear on it because I think of it the other way round."

Hannibal decided to reach behind himself to put his glass down in fear he might break it.

"I feel the need to agree with you. As much as it is a wolf's and a human's nature to bond and build packs, it is not for everyone. Vampires tend to build nests when we are yet young, but it was never a desire *I* felt as well. I've always preferred to be on my own, even at a young age when it was considered to be dangerous for a young vampire to be alone. There is a stupid kind of power in masses but a cleverness in surviving on your own when it is so much against your very nature. Where Jack sees weakness, I see strength. Normally I would offer to talk to Jack on your behalf, but since we are just talking and I'm not your psychiatrist, I will do no such thing and just suggest to annoy Jack as much as you can when it's to your amusement."

Will chuckled, reached behind Hannibal's back and took Hannibal's glass from the cabinet to take a sip from the rich wine.

That's how they remained in comfortable silence. Side by side, with their shoulders, almost

touching, the scent of wine filling the air.

Outside, the rain hammered against the windows and the wind howled like a feral beast. Inside, vampire and wolf, so much fundamentally different and yet alike.

Marked Gift

After Will had left last night, late and after a light dinner Hannibal had prepared, Hannibal used the last hours of the night to write the psychological evaluation of Will for the FBI.

He had told Will that he would ‘rubber-stamp’ him as Will had said it, but Hannibal used more...eloquent words for it. Maybe it would help to keep Jack off Will’s back as well.

Will had a deep and brilliant mind that offered a pleasant challenge to Hannibal and Will himself was fascinating in a way Hannibal hadn’t encountered in many years. He had bid Will good night and even went as far as to invite Will back into his home. Not for therapy, even of the unofficial kind, but just for drinks, food and company. When Will didn’t answer right away, Hannibal was about to take it back, but then Will had given him a small smile, all human and nothing lupine in his features, and accepted Hannibal’s open invitation.

Hannibal was sure that this weird kind of attraction went both ways. The fact that he presented a comfortable oasis of silence for Will’s Empathy Disorder was playing into his hand as well, but...for a vampire enjoying his solitude, Hannibal enjoyed Will’s company just like Will seemed to enjoy his company as well.

He already got so used to Will’s cunning and fast mind that listening to the patients he had to see on the following day was boring. Hannibal knew that he was unfair to them, but he could only deal with so much boredom. Which was the reason he jumped at his phone the second it started to ring without even checking the caller ID.

“Lecter.”

“Hallo, Hannibal.”

Hannibal didn’t even try to mask the smile in his voice when he heard Will.

“Will…I hope you are calling to tell me that we can extend our session on Friday into dinner, as we talked about yesterday.”

Will sighed heavily on the other side of the line, and only then did Hannibal notice the sounds coming from somewhere behind Will. Voices, noise, cars.

“Is everything all right, Will?”

“Yes and no. Jack got your evaluation of me and was happy as fuck at first...before he read it. Nice way of telling him to fuck off and leave me alone with what I’m doing, or I will rip his throat out.”

Despite the humour in Will’s voice, Hannibal wasn’t happy with Jack’s interpretation of Hannibal’s evaluation.

“Jack has to understand that your performance in the field will suffer should he continue to try and drag you into his pack-like structure. Your Empathy Disorder is what allows you to do what you do, and a pack like Jack wants to you force upon you won’t work. I will have to talk to Jack if he keeps pestering you, Will. You are not officially my patient, but I feel obliged to help you stay in a comfortable position within the FBI.”

Will was silent on the other side, but Hannibal could hear him breathing and the sound of boots walking on gravel while the voices became quieter.

“Thank you, Hannibal, for understanding.”

It was hard not to smile at the genuine gratitude he heard in Will’s voice.

“Not there for, Will. As I told you, I consider you fascinating with all your aspects.”

The growl Hannibal suddenly heard from Will wasn’t expected, and so he checked his display to make sure the call was still connected. It was, and the growling turned into a vicious snarl that almost drowned the other voices around Will out over the phone.

“Will!”

Putting as much of his power and strength he could muster over the phone, Hannibal waited for Will to stop snarling. When the sound died down, he heard a muted *thud* from the other side followed by rushing wind and Will’s panting breath.

“Will?” Hannibal asked when the wind stopped rushing, and only Will’s laboured breathing could be heard.

“Can you come here, to the crime scene, please?”

If Will had been standing in front of Hannibal, Will would be speaking through clenched teeth, and the breaking of wood gave Hannibal the impression that Will directed his aggression onto something else.

“Tell me what’s going on while I get dressed, Will.”

Another growl at the authority in Hannibal’s voice, but Hannibal could let it pass. It gave Will something to focus on.

“Jack dragged me out in the field; the second my last lesson was over. Something about a ripped apart and arranged body. I drove over with Beverly. The second I left the car after we arrived, I knew something was off, but I couldn’t say what.”

Hannibal discarded his jacket and waistcoat to put on a soft sweatshirt over his dress shirt before he forwent his shoes against something better fitted for an outside crime scene. All while listening to Will speak with a voice closer to a growl and his usual voice.

“What was putting you off exactly?”

The door fell shut behind Hannibal, and he was halfway to his car. He still didn’t know where to drive, but getting Will to calm down was more important at the moment.

“There was a...scent in the air, a feeling of the killing lingering in the area around the kill, and I haven’t even seen the body yet. My teeth ache with the need to bury them in something living, Hannibal.”

The last sentence was a hungry whisper, and it made Hannibal stop in his tracks.

“Are you away from the body and anyone from the FBI, Will?”

Another loud *thud* from the other end followed by a pained grunt.

“Yes, Jack was this close to dragging me to the body, but me snapping at him made him back off. Someone else came to ask me to take a look at the body, but...I can’t even remember who asked me. Everything is covered in red. I can only feel the killer’s presence; I’m drowning in him.”

Hannibal rarely cursed, but now he wanted to do it but kept himself from doing it as not to put Will even more on edge.

“Listen to me, Will. Stay where you are, away from everybody and try to meditate or focus on a memory that won’t set you up. I will call Jack and tell him to stay away and keep everyone else off your back as well.”

Will agreed, a muted yet rage-filled sound. The call with Jack was clipped and short, Hannibal taking no, not for an answer and Jack knew better than to speak up against Hannibal.

Hannibal drove faster than he was supposed to...but he didn’t care just like he decided not to analyze his strange behaviour regarding Will at the moment.

…

It took Hannibal over an hour to reach the crime scene in the middle of nowhere. He parked his car aside from any federal cars should he have to leave early or fast.

Taking the scene in front of him in, Hannibal saw the numbers of agents, various cars and myriad of scents. He spotted Jack’s unmistakeable bulk in the sea of agents, but Hannibal ignored him. He needed to find Will.

He was about to leave the car but hesitated for some reason. His instincts were telling him something, but he couldn’t pinpoint what exactly. He grabbed his sunglasses when his gaze fell upon them before he left the car.

He could see Will standing in the distance, shoulders hunched up, back to the sea of people,

and in a way, the wind wouldn't carry any scents in his direction. There was a lot of space between Will and everyone else, but Hannibal could cross this distance in seconds should he wish to.

A voice to his left stopped him from going to Will and Hannibal had to bite his own tongue to keep himself from lashing out.

"Doctor Lecter?"

Turning around, he saw a young woman of Asian heritage walked over to him. Sorrow marked her face, but she was looking in Will's direction and not at Hannibal. The scent of fox and magic surrounded her, and this gave Hannibal the information regarding her name.

"Agent Katz, Will told me he shared a car with you to this new crime scene."

Beverly nodded and refrained from looking at Hannibal's eyes for too long. Smart little kitsune.

"Yes, he was okay on our way here, but the moment we arrived, he...was weird. Not in his usual Will-Graham-weird-way but weird-weird if that makes any sense. When Jack tried to get Will to look at the body...I've never seen him act like this. He growled, like, full moon and shifted into a wolf growl with teeth and all. Jack went all big boss on Will, and then he came too close, I think. Will snapped and then...snapped at Jack, and I'm sure I saw teeth that don't belong into a human face."

Hannibal listened attentively and even when he didn't like Agent Katz's description of what happened between Will and Jack, it sounded fitting.

"Anything else I should know, Agent Katz?"

She looked over at Will, who was still off in the distance before she met Hannibal's eyes. Magic whirled in her eyes, but Hannibal didn't feel threatened by it as it was merely a reaction to her emotional state.

"I've never seen Will act like this, Doctor Lecter, and I know that he has seen some weird shit. I know that he and Jack don't get along very well, but Will Graham reacting with violence? Never. I hope you can help him because...this crime scene is unlike I've ever seen, and everyone is on the edge."

Nodding, Hannibal, appreciated her concern for Will as a coworker. Something told me that there was nothing more behind it.

"Thank you, Agent Katz. I will see what I can do for Will, but should it be in his best interest to leave this place; I will take him back home immediately."

She nodded before she turned around when someone yelled her name and left.

Crossing the distance between Will and himself, Hannibal stopped several meters away from

Will but remained silent. Will's whole body was one tense line, ready to pounce, and when Will turned slowly around until he could look over his shoulder, Hannibal thanked his instincts once more.

Walking closer, slowly and with silent steps, Hannibal didn't hesitate to met those too blue eyes of the wolf staring at him from a human face.

"Hello, Will."

Hannibal was now so close that he could smell Will. Stress, wolf, frosted pines, but everything was covered in thick layers of aggression and bloodlust.

Will's answer was a deep growl, and his upper lip trembled with the beginning of a snarl and Hannibal saw what Agent Katz had mentioned. The tips of fangs peeked up from under Will's lips but not like the elongated fangs of a vampire but those of lupine creature. Hannibal's curiosity perked up on this new detail about Will Graham.

"I just met Agent Katz, and she seems to be worried about you."

This seemed like a better way to get to Will than mentioning what Jack had told Hannibal earlier on the phone.

Will blinked, and while his eyes remained wolf, his expression turned from aggression to embarrassment, and he let his shoulders drop.

"I'm sorry...this whole place...it's putting me on edge."

Stepping close until he was almost touching Will's arm with his chest, Hannibal made sure to cover Will from prying eyes in the distance.

"It's okay to admit that something is putting you off. No one was hurt, and you did the right thing in calling me, Will."

Hannibal opened his jacket to hand Will his sunglasses when Will suddenly moved, and he moved fast. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal's chest and buried his face against Hannibal's neck. Freezing against the sudden embrace with his arm trapped between them, Hannibal needed a moment until his mind and instincts came to a decision that Will was no threat despite being so close to his throat.

Will was warm, too warm even for a wolf, but Hannibal smelled no sickness on him, only stress and anger. Will's heartbeat was fast and strong against Hannibal's chest but even this close, no thirst arose from having Will so close. Given any other time, Hannibal was sure that his reaction would be different.

"Thank you...for coming."

Will's breath was warm on Hannibal's skin, and with some difficulties, Hannibal managed to wiggle his arm free so he could pull Will better against his chest.

The second Hannibal answered Will's embrace with bone-crushing strength, a lot of tension drained from Will's body. His scent changed too, the scent of stress started to lessen, but the scent of the wolf remained strong.

Carefully, and slowly, Hannibal placed his hand in Will's neck, ready to pull away should the touch be unwanted, but Will only rubbed his stubbled chin against Hannibal's throat. Normally Hannibal would frown at such a display of scent marking him, but...he pushed the thoughts away why Will managed to get so much under his skin after such a short time.

When Will finally pulled away, his scent was much calmer, but his eyes remained wolf, and even his teeth still looked sharper than usual.

Hannibal handed his sunglasses over to Will.

"Here, should you be unable to shift your eyes back. They are still completely wolf, and we don't want to upset the sensitive agents of the FBI any more than you already did."

Will's laugh was a soft huff, but he took the glasses without putting them on.

"Yeah, it might take a while before I can shift them back. Thank you."

Hannibal shook his head and didn't step away from Will, who didn't seem too keen as well to step away.

"No need to thank me, you called me when you were in a place of distress. However, after today we should discuss if you signing up as an official patient of mine would help to keep Jack on a distance. However, this is nothing we have to discuss now, Will."

Will only looked at him with his eyes of a wolf. Wild, untamed, but full of control. Others would feel stripped bare by Will's gaze, ripped open by a predator, but Hannibal just looked back with a calm posture. It were Will's next words Hannibal didn't anticipate.

"You were at the crime scene the night before we met for the first time on the next day."

Tilting his head aside, Hannibal regarded Will with a curious glance.

"Yes, I wanted to see with my own eyes what Jack already told me, but I didn't want you to feel observed or under surveillance from me. Which is the reason I preferred the cover of the night to observe you. You can't imagine my surprise when you suddenly looked in my direction. I'm still sure I did nothing that could have given my presence away, and I hope you will give me an answer to my question what I did so you became aware of my presence."

Instead of an answer, Will put the sunglasses on, mirrored and dark, and Hannibal felt the violent urge to rip them off Will's face so he could read the wolf's eyes.

"I...have to think about this answer for a bit. It's not an easy thing to say, even to you, but I will consider it. Can you stay with me while I take a look at the body? I don't feel prepared to

face so many people with my mental shields down, and you are close to an emotional void compared to them. It will help me to stay focused."

Hannibal's sigh was more theatrics than anything else, just to try to make Will smile. It worked even when a few stress lines remained around Will's eyes.

Together, and side by side, they started to walk in the direction of the crime scene and the sea of people in dark blue jackets with yellow letters on their backs. Hannibal could feel how uneasy the people made Will, but the wolf only stepped closer to Hannibal until their shoulders and arms brushed against each other with each step.

"Can you tell me what exactly set you off when you arrived?"

The backs of their hands brushed against each other, and Will was still much warmer than Hannibal anticipated before the wolf answered.

"There was a certain scent in the air, and still is, which is calling to me, to my wolf. It feels like this was organized with *me* in mind, and I'm already sure that the killer is a wolf and not just a wolf but one from the old bloodlines."

Will bristled next to Hannibal, and the vampire was sure that if Will were wearing his fur right now, his pelt would stand on the edge and make Will look bigger than he was. Hannibal asked himself in the corner of his mind what Will looked like when he was a wolf.

"You haven't seen the body, and yet you are already working on a profile based on your impressions and scents. Some would say that this profile is more of a guess than a useful profile."

Will looked at him, and Hannibal had never hated sunglasses so much in his life.

"I know, but I *know*, Hannibal. I have seen crime scenes and victims mauled by wolves unbound by the moon. *This* was a wolf like this, I'm sure."

While they spoke, they reached the body, and Hannibal had seen enough carnage in his life, was responsible for a lot of it as well, but this...this was something different, and he had to agree with Will; this scene has been carefully arranged.

To the untrained eye, it would look like mindless carnage, ripped apart limps, broken ribcages with intestines spread all over the place but...looked closer Hannibal saw what Will had deducted by mere scents in the air and the ghost of the emotional profile only Will was able to create.

"This isn't just a mindless killer. The wolf marked its prey and left a message with it."

What couldn't Hannibal readout of the markings, claw and teeth marks on the pieces of meat because that's what it was, meat, was the reason, the deeper message the killer wanted to tell with the markings.

Next to him, Will exhaled loudly, took the sunglasses off and rubbed his eyes with his other hand.

“It’s only partly a message. A message and...a gift.”

Hannibal felt his fingers itch with the urge to pull the hand Will used to hide behind from his face.

“This is a gift? To you, and for what reason?”

Will seemed to feel Hannibal’s gaze on him because he lowered his hand and looked at Hannibal with wolf-blue eyes.

“Yes, to me and this...it’s a courting gift, Hannibal. This wolf wants my attention, wants me to join him for whatever reason and...he won’t stop, Hannibal. He will kill more, get a more creative, higher body count, more bloodshed until he’ll get his answer. One way or another.”

Hannibal tried to see what Will saw, but...he only saw what Will had described to him and no more. The difference between a wolf and a vampire. A wolf presents meat as a courting gift where a vampire would give a herd of human sheep to the one they want to court.

Jack was about to get nuclear the second he’d learn about this.

“Jack won’t get off my ass the second he learns about this.”

Hannibal chuckled, more sarcastic than anything else because they just shared the same thoughts.

To feel better

Sometimes the human nature still managed to surprise Hannibal, and it was a rather unpleasant surprise. Still at the crime scene of the wolf's kill, the gift to Will, Will had told Jack about it. Eyes still hidden behind Hannibal's mirrored sunglasses and hands shoved deep into the pockets of his jacket.

To say that Jack wasn't euphoric or even pleases with what Will had discovered wouldn't give Jack's reaction enough credits. Jack was raging and barking and almost got into Will's face by calling him insane with his earlier response to the crime scene, followed by his deduction of the killer.

Will told Jack to back off, more politely than Hannibal wanted to do it himself, and while Will left the sunglasses on his face, he took his hands out of his pockets. Hannibal was sure he saw the beginning of claws start to grow from Will's fingers.

That was the moment Will told Jack to either believe him or leave him alone. Spoken in a cold, controlled voice, devote of any emotions, and it was so unlike Will that Hannibal felt a cold shiver ran down his back.

Will's presence seemed to fill out everything around him, cold, suffocating, threatening. Hannibal couldn't do anything else but stare at Will. His fangs pulsated with the desire for blood, for sex, carnality he hadn't allowed himself in a long time, and Jack was stealing Will's attention from him.

When Will started to snarl and with his fangs on display, Hannibal stepped between Jack and Will, pushing Jack out of Will's line of sight. This close, Hannibal knew that everything Will was able to see was Hannibal right in front of him. Should Will decide to attack, he would go for Hannibal's throat, but Will did no such thing.

He leaned slightly forward, just like on the first picture Hannibal had seen of him and stared at Hannibal over the brim of the sunglasses still covering Will's eyes otherwise. They were still completely wolf.

Looking at Jack over his shoulder, Hannibal told Jack that the FBI got from Will what they wanted and that based on his professional medical opinion, he was going to take Will away from a crime scene that set him off. When Hannibal told Jack to leave Will alone for the next days or call Hannibal to accomplish him, Jack clenched his teeth and left without further words.

Leading Will back to his car was easy because everyone stepped out of their path. However, Hannibal allowed himself a far from casual touch to the lower part of Will's back, and when Will didn't shake him off, Hannibal felt strangely smug about it.

Once in the car and on the road, Hannibal noticed that Will was shivering. Making sure that

the car was warmer than Hannibal preferred it himself, Will started to relax. He leaned back in the seat, and Hannibal could hear his heartbeat slow down paired with an exercise of deep breathing.

They didn't speak, and it wasn't necessary.

When they reached the FBI parking lot, Will took the sunglasses off and handed them back to Hannibal with a tired smile.

"Thank you," Will had said with a tired smile and his eyes a fascinating mix between wolf and human.

"Not there for, Will. I rather drag you away from Jack than getting called into a cell because you ripped his throat out."

Will looked down at his feet with a sheepish grin on his face, and a soft blush coloured his features. They bid their goodbyes and confirmed their next unofficial appointment for Friday.

This all happened on Saturday, and next Friday was far away. Hannibal was millennia old, but waiting six days was beneath him, and the week dragged on with no end in sight.

When Friday finally arrived, time slowed down to a crawl, his patients bored him even more than usual, and during one appointment, he sat in his chair, considering ripping his patient's throat out; with his teeth.

Later that day, and finally alone for around two hours until Will should be there, Hannibal sat down with his drawing supplies spread out on his desk.

The picture of Will with his eyes a feral blend of wolf and human had buried its claws in Hannibal's mind.

His pencil flew with scratching noises over the paper, and the face of Will Graham started to appear slowly. An impish smile on his face, wolf-black rings around the blue of his all too human pupils. The tip of a canine peaked out from under Will's upper lip.

The more lines Hannibal added to the drawing, the more lupine features started to mix with Will's human face.

When Hannibal was done, the flawless face of Will Graham smiled up at him. There was a barely concealed amusement in his eyes, and Hannibal tried to picture what Will would look like in his wolf form. Big or small? Lightly coloured or dark, perfect for hunting in the forest? He was sure that Will wouldn't be built like a fighter, broad chest, broad shoulders, thick neck...build to take down wolves like flies. No, Will in his wolf form would be sleek and lean like a sword, build for speed and strength alike.

A knock on the door from the waiting area ripped Hannibal from his musings.

He put his drawing supplies away, the picture of Will carefully hidden in a folder and

Hannibal couldn't suppress the urge to make sure his suit was perfectly in place after he had sat for so long. Damn peacocking again.

Opening the door, Hannibal found Will standing behind the door with his hand raised to knock once more on the door, sports bag in his hand and the smell of nervousness clung to him like a second skin.

Stepping aside while holding the door open, Hannibal watched Will walk into his office silently. He dropped the bag next to the chair Will usually sat in, and Hannibal heard a metallic sound when the bag hit the carpet.

Frowning, Hannibal closed the door and tried to make sense out of Will's strange behaviour and scent.

Will was rubbing his palms against his tights, his eyes never focused long on one point, and he looked utterly skittish to Hannibal.

"Is everything alright, Will?"

Hannibal closed the door but didn't miss the way Will looked almost panicked for a second, like a trapped animal.

"Yes, no...I would like a drink, please."

Blinking, Hannibal nodded. Filling a frosted glass with two fingers of his best whiskey and handed it to Will, who had already taken his seat.

Usually, Hannibal would feel insulted when someone knocked his best whiskey away like Will just did, but Hannibal just took the glass from Will and refilled it.

This time Will just took a small sip, savouring the taste on his tongue before he swallowed the alcohol while leaning back in his chair, head tilted back and throat open like an offering any vampire would have trouble to resist.

Hannibal allowed himself to enjoy the same drink before he would go for another *drink* without being invited to.

They sat in silence for what felt like a long time with Will sitting still, a glass of whiskey in his hand and throat wholly unprotected. The scent of nervousness was almost gone, and so Hannibal waited for the wolf in the room to start speaking.

It took Will several more minutes before he opened his eyes again and looked at Hannibal with an apology all over his features.

"I'm sorry for being so rude and for mistreating your more than just expensive whiskey. You don't have to waste something so good on me, you know."

Placing his own glass on a small table, Hannibal crossed his legs over each other and

regarded Will with a carefully schooled look.

“As much as I favour the finer things in life because it’s already fairly long for me, whiskey is a whiskey when you need one. There is a time for good whisky, and there is a time to enjoy an expensive and rare whiskey. You needed a good whiskey and was able to enjoy an expensive and rare whiskey afterwards. He fulfilled his purpose in my eyes. Do you want to tell me what’s bothering you that you asked me for a drink for a greeting?”

Will sighed, and even over the distance between them, Hannibal could smell the alcohol in Will’s breath.

Smoked wood, caramel, crushed berries.

When Will nudged against his bag with his food, the sound of clinking metal filled the otherwise silent room.

“I was thinking a lot about last Saturday; the way the crime scene affected me, the way I reacted to Jack...and you.”

Hannibal waited. He burned to ask what was so bothersome to him the way Will accepted his help —waiting for Will to go on proved to be long seconds for Hannibal.

Will’s focus was on the glass filled with a small rest of whiskey when he spoke up again.

“I wasn’t prepared to deal with such a display, a display arranged for me. Someone seems to have a certain interest in me and uses the old-fashioned way of courting. Blood and flesh, to prove one’s skills as a hunter and provider as a suitable mate, but...what I felt at the crime scene was something different, like I was missing something because the whole thing was clouding my mind.”

Now Will knocked the whiskey back like a cheap shot, and Hannibal couldn’t suppress a heavy sigh. Will chuckled amused while he sat his glass down next to Hannibal’s.

“What you showed at the crime scene, together with what you just told me, I think the best way to describe your reaction would instinctive.”

Nodding, Will rested his head against his hand, perched upon the armrest of the chair.

“True, but I can’t remember anymore when I reacted like this to a piece of meat in front of me. I wanted to rip into every wolf coming too close to me. I felt like I wanted to rip into everyone coming too close to *my* meat, which was the reason I decided to call you.”

“Because I’m a vampire, and wouldn’t be competition for your meat?”

Will’s reaction was a burst of full-fledged laughter that hit things in Hannibal’s old soul he thought buried and dead a long time ago.

“No, I know that I could go through everyone present within seconds. Maybe one would land

a lucky shot, but that's it. I called you because you would be the only one keeping me from doing so, or so I thought. To be honest, I have no idea what the reaction of a vampire your age and strength would look like in such a situation, but it sounded like the logical thing to do when I wanted nothing more than to feel bone break between my jaws and blood on my tongue."

Licking his lips, Hannibal tried to look as unaffected as possible by the picture blooming in his mind. Will, covered in shreds of flesh and blood, with his eyes those of a wolf and fangs instead of teeth.

Temptation, your name is Will Graham.

Hannibal cleared his throat, but he was sure his scent was giving him away more than he liked to admit, but he couldn't change it.

"Usually, when faced with unexpected carnage that would force me to fall into bloodlust, I would stop my breathing reflex. I don't need it, most of the time, and it's a nature-given instinct even a semi-dead state of vampirism can't erase completely. Bloodlust isn't something I consider...desirable, unlike many others of my kin. It's the absolute lack of control while handing everything over the most primal part of one's nature, something humans would call a monster. I have experienced bloodlust, several times when I was only a few decades old, and the newly gained instincts were still hard to control, but once I became of age in the terms vampires, I had full control over myself, my thirst and my instincts. Bloodlust goes against everything I achieved for myself, and holding this in front of me in a situation where bloodlust could infect me helps me to keep my mind clear and focused."

Will scratched his beard and stretched his legs. The picture Hannibal had in mind of Will's wolf being build to run came back to his mind.

"It's different with wolves. Born like this, we are faced from childhood on to learn control during the phase of the moon, and a pup can't do the damage an adult wolf is capable of. Vampires need to overcome an already grown mind to learn things anew while wolves are born into their instincts, and time only sharpens them, most of the time. Some still have to fight their instincts from time to time without the moon being the problem."

Now it felt like they were going in the direction Will wanted to go, the source if his earlier nervousness.

"Possible but from what I learned, and have seen during my time, the number of wolves unbound by the moon decreased more and more. Maybe in the old world are more to find than in the new world, but the Pack Wars did a toll on their numbers."

When Will met Hannibal's gaze, Will's eyes looked...old, older than they should.

"Yes...could I have another refill of your expensive and rare whiskey?"

Chuckling on the outside but snarling on the inside for the interruption, Hannibal got up and returned with the bottle. After both glasses were once more filled, Hannibal returned to his

seat after discarding his suit jacket.

“I was curious about you, Hannibal.”

Playing along with the change of topic made Hannibal’s teeth ache.

“About what specifically?”

“You, your person, the *you* you are showing the world and the you that is not just a powerful vampire in the new world but a *Power*.”

Sipping his whiskey, Hannibal stayed silent. He never made it a secret of who and what he was. A monster dressed in sophistication and good suits.

“I never really asked myself why there is such a small population of vampires in Baltimore and the areas around for such a high population of humans and wolves. Your own kin fears you, is my best guess. They are too afraid even to use your name. They call you *The Monster* because you tend to eat those coming into your territory uninvited.”

Now Hannibal couldn’t keep himself from smiling over the brim of his glass.

He held Will’s gaze and allowed the wolf a look behind the curtain and onto the monster that lived under Hannibal’s carefully build person suit.

Will didn’t even blink or pulled away, he met Hannibal’s gaze unafraid but curious and stared at him like he was the most interesting thing in the world while Hannibal was showing nothing but blood.

Endless hunger, the urge to chase and hunt while the desire for blood was close to madness. Pulling a memory to the forefront of his mind, Hannibal allowed Will to see what he had done to the vampire barely of age. Hannibal had ripped the youngling apart...after he had drained him dry and taken the others fangs as a trophy.

Will’s eyes didn’t change into those of his wolf, but Hannibal saw understanding and approval in the other man’s eyes.

Silence fell between them, where both of them nursed their drink. There was still the elephant in the room, and Hannibal waited for Will to acknowledge him, the reason for Will’s stress earlier when he arrived.

When Will sighed heavily and put his drink down, he leaned back into his chair and placed his hands on the armrests, but he refused to look at Hannibal.

“I’m not like the other wolves, never was. Which is part of the reasons I prefer to be on my own, a lone wolf instead of running with a pack like it’s our nature. When the moon forces me to change, I like to run with my dogs, my version of a pack, or sometimes I just stay at home and sleep, but I haven’t run with other wolves in a long time.”

Will's gaze wandered from his lap to the bag next to him.

"But I'm sure you guessed as much. It's easy to be around you, Hannibal. You don't set my empathy off because the wind carried a scent that annoys you, and having you around feels like having a fellow hunter by my side...and I enjoy this very much."

Now Will met Hannibal's eyes with a shy blush on his face paired with a small smile.

"Normally, I would start to find the reason for your feelings in my presence, but I think a profound 'thank you' will be sufficient right now."

Will nodded and fiddled with the hem of his shirt.

"I...I want to show you something, something I haven't shown anyone in a long time, and it's harder than I anticipated it to be honest."

Will's nervous laughter made the hairs at the back of Hannibal's neck rise.

"You don't have to tell or show me anything you feel uncomfortable to share, Will."

It was the logical and highly professional thing to say, but...Hannibal wanted to shake Will until he got the desired answers.

Will took a deep breath and held it for several seconds before he exhaled slowly.

"I know, but I want to show you, and because this will be embarrassing for both of us, believe me, that if I could skip the next part, I would."

Will got up, and while doing so, he pulled his sweatshirt over his head, followed by the t-shirt he wore underneath.

Unsure for a second what to do when Will suddenly started to strip, Hannibal decided that *staring* wasn't rude in this case.

Strong shoulders, long arms that spoke of strength and endurance, barely a hair on a chest that looked like Michelangelo himself hammered it out of white marble, scars, old and faded marked Will's skin as well.

When Will bent forward and opened the bag, Hannibal was surprised when Will pulled a heavy leather collar out of the bag with a strong chain attached to it. Long and elegant fingers skimmed over the leather before Will lifted the collar and snapped it shut around his neck.

Hannibal's mind was empty and devoid of any thoughts. Low-key levelled arousal rose within his body when Will handed the end of the chain to him without further words.

Low-key level of arousal turned into a smouldering flame when Will opened his belt after he had pushed his sneakers off his feet without opening them.

The second Will stood completely nude in his office, and someone could mistake this scene for something completely different from the collar around Will's throat and with Hannibal holding onto the chain.

Magic filled the air around Will, Hannibal could see it all around Will; like a colourful mist rising from the grass after a long and cold night when the sun hit the earth.

No sounds were coming from Will when it started.

His body shivered, and Hannibal heard the groaning of Will's joints, bones, muscles and tendons when the shift began right in front of his eyes.

Hannibal watched Will's change from human to wolf, but it was like watching a movie; he saw and heard the change, felt the magic, but that was it. He felt nothing by it and just observed the spectacle happening in front of him.

At some point, shortly after he had started his shift, Will fell to his hands and knees, and from there on, it didn't take him long to finish the shift.

Fur rolled over human skin when he was halfway done, and shoulder joints cracked loudly while they changed their positions to fit a four-legged way of movement. When Will's jaws shifted from human to wolf and teeth were replaced by fangs, Hannibal winced in sympathy while Will still made no sound save for the ones his body made while shifting.

When Will finished his shift, Hannibal realized that it took Will maybe a minute to leave his human skin behind.

Will stood on shaky legs, shook himself before he decided that laying down was a better idea.

Dropping the chain wasn't a conscious thought, but he let go of the heavy iron and was by Will's side in the blink of an eye, and his thoughts returned when he felt soft fur brush against his fingertips.

True Blood

Kneeling next to Will, who was still resting on his side, and Hannibal still had to decide if he should touch the fur tickling his fingertips. The decision was taken from Hannibal when Will breath eased out, and with the expanding of his chest, Hannibal's fingers sunk into Will's fur.

Softer than the most expensive silk, Hannibal couldn't resist the urge to curl his fingers in and hold onto the fur.

For the most part, Will's fur was dark grey, which turned almost silver around the muzzle. Streaks of silver marked his flanks, and the tip of Will's tail looked like he had dipped it into snow-white colour.

Hannibal didn't realize he was dragging his fingers through Will's fur in languid motions until Will nipped at Hannibal's arm without breaking the skin.

Pulling his hand back, Hannibal's fingers still itched with the ghostly feeling of silky fur on his skin.

"I apologize, Will. I didn't mean to overstep your boundaries."

Sitting back on his haunches, Hannibal made room for Will to get up.

Will got up and shook himself like his fur was wet. The chain and the collar clinked loudly. After he was done, Will stretched his back and legs like he needed to settle into his new skin, much to Hannibal's delight because he had been right. Will's wolf was made to run. Long legs, strong and lean body but bigger than Hannibal anticipated.

When Will seemed to have settled into his other skin, he looked at Hannibal with wolf blue eyes, eyes Hannibal had already seen in a human face, and stood completely still.

Vampire and wolf stared at each other, and Hannibal felt his curiosity rise with power. So many things he wanted to ask but couldn't because Will was now reduced to yes and no questions, but...how much of Will was still conscious in the mind of the wolf?

"You can still understand me, Will, can't you?"

Will nodded and showed Hannibal his fangs in a lupine grin. His canine teeth were as long as Hannibal's index finger.

"I'm surprised, Will, which isn't an easy thing anymore. I knew from what I've seen and heard from you that you aren't the usual werewolf, but I wasn't expecting something like...this. You aren't just of the Old Blood, are you? Your magic runs deeper than this, and your wolf is too close to the surface for even the Old Bloods."

Will nodded again, and the chain rattled on the carpet.

Looking down with a frown, Hannibal picked the chain up but remained kneeling on the floor next to Will.

“Why the chain, though? You know that I’m strong enough to defend myself, even against your strength.”

Will made a growling sound deep in his chest and looped the chain loosely around his muzzle before he dropped the chain from his muzzle to look at end the loose end of the chain. The part Hannibal had dropped when he joined Will on the carpet.

Frowning, Hannibal considered Will’s action for a moment and tried to translate them into words...when it hit him.

“You put the collar on to make me feel safe around you?”

Hannibal looked at Will skeptically...but then Will nudged against Hannibal’s arm with his head and urged him on to get up.

Now standing, Hannibal realized just how big Will was in his wolf form. Will stood relaxed in front of him, head held up to meet Hannibal’s gaze...and Will’s shoulder was on one level with Hannibal’s hips.

Hannibal had seen many wolves in his life, but Will wasn’t just a normal wolf, he was one of the ancient ones, one of the first wolves when magic allowed humans to merge their strength with the wild wolves of their time.

“Will, as much as I understand and appreciate your concern, it’s not necessary. Neither do I fear you nor have to fear you. For you to be able to shift at will, you have to be in perfect control of yourself and your wolf, and your shift is flawless to my eyes. There is no need for you to wear a collar.”

Without waiting for an answer from Will, Hannibal opened the buckle on the collar and helped Will out of it.

After the collar was taken off, Will shook himself once more and started to roam around Hannibal’s office with his nose twitching and sniffing at everything.

Letting Will roam the office was like the most natural thing Hannibal had felt in a long time. The wolf stopped here and there, pushed the curtains aside to look outside, and Will didn’t even need to stand on his hind legs to do so before he attempted to jump onto Hannibal’s couch.

Hannibal cleared his throat, and Will stopped with his massive paw held right over the upholstery of the couch.

“I rather have you not slice the leather with your claws, Will.”

Without blinking an eye, Will flexed what usually would be his fingers...and his long dark claws retracted before he jumped on the couch.

Rolling his eyes would be rude, and so Hannibal just marched through the room and sat down next to Will on the couch.

“I wasn’t aware that werewolves can retract their claws like cats. May I see?”

Will stretched his long body out on the couch and put his right front paw into Hannibal’s lap before lowered his head onto a cushion and just watched Hannibal with calm eyes. There was hardly any difference between the way the wolf looked at Hannibal, and Will in his human form looked at him.

Looking at the paw in his lap, Hannibal closed his fingers around Will’s wrist, and his fingers barely reached around it. Feeling the muscles down to where the claws were hidden, Hannibal looked at Will.

He was showing too much curiosity to his own liking, but Hannibal had to use this opportunity.

“You don’t mind me giving you a check-up, do you, Will? I never had the opportunity to be this close to a wolf like you. Not like this.”

Will seemed to consider Hannibal’s quest before he got up and wrapped his big body around Hannibal, who was still sitting on the couch.

The wolf was a living heat all around Hannibal, who ran cooler than most creatures thanks to his nature as a vampire. Will’s body heat seeped through all layers Hannibal wore, and he felt branded by it.

Focusing back on the paw Will had placed once more in his lap, Hannibal pressed down on a point on Will’s paw. The wolf made a huffing sound and watched him with interest while the flex of muscles Hannibal had triggered made the claws snap out of their protective sheet.

Long and black, Hannibal was surprised to see that the claw indeed resembled those of a cat more than one of a lupine creature. Wickedly curved and sharp at the tip, made to hold down prey and not to assist while running yet Will was definitely built to run.

Letting his fingers move upwards, Hannibal noticed every twitch of muscles under the dark fur. When Will’s position of being wrapped around Hannibal hindered him in further explorations, Hannibal got up and kneeled on the floor in front of the couch. His fingers found their way back into Will’s fur quickly.

While Will was obviously a wolf, part of his anatomy was not. His paws had more room to move than a feral one, and his shoulders allowed him a greater range of movement as well.

With a heavy sigh, Hannibal let go of Will and didn’t even try to mask the mix of annoyance

and curiosity he was feeling. He wanted to lose himself in the steady sound of Will's beating heart and softness of his fur.

"I hope you are aware that I will invite you for dinner to ask you as many questions as I want, Will. I have seen too much in my life, and I'm not used to feeling this curious anymore. This is entirely your own fault."

Will gave him a feral smile full of fangs before he rolled himself on his back, presented Hannibal his belly, stretched his legs into the air and let his tongue loll out of his mouth.

"Is that the moment where you want to go out for a walk with me so I can throw a stick for you?"

Will rolled himself back on his paws and sat down on the couch...his face told Hannibal that Will was considering if it had been a joke or an insult and Hannibal held his face completely blank as not to give himself away. Still, he was amused to see that even Will could keep his animal face as empty as Hannibal could.

Oh so slowly, Will unsheathed his claws while never taking his eyes from Hannibal. The low sound of claws scratching over expensive leather could be heard...when suddenly a phone in the room went off loudly.

Both vampire and wolf snarled out the noise, and their combined growls were a loud and threatening sound.

The phone fell silent while their growls rolled like thunder through the room.

The sound of Will shaking himself before he jumped off the couch helped Hannibal to get himself back onto control. His whole focus had been on Will, and when the phone went off, it was like a rude intrusion.

Outside, the sun had started to set slowly, and with an amused smile on his face, Hannibal noticed that Will had dug his claws into the leather when the sound of the phone had shaken their playful moment.

Will was growling at the other end of the room while he was sniffing at his jeans, and that was the moment the phone went off again.

Picking the phone up when Will managed to get it out of his pocket, Hannibal looked at the screen before he held it up for Will to see.

"It's Jack, do you want me to answer him?"

Something hard played over Will's features, his ears turned back, and it wouldn't need much until they lay flat against Will's head in an aggressive display, but Will gave him a clipped nod that was as clear of an answer as Hannibal would get it at the moment.

Hitting the right button, Hannibal answered the call.

“Hello, Jack. What can I do for you?”

Stunned silence and vampire and wolf waited patiently, just like the good predators they were.

“Doctor Lecter? My apologies, I wanted to call Will, not you.”

Will huffed, and Hannibal didn’t resist the still present urge and buried his fingers in the scruff on Will’s neck without having to reach down far thanks to Will’s size.

“You called Will’s phone, Jack. He’s currently unable to answer himself, and so I answered for him.”

On the other end, Jack growled, and Hannibal held himself back from growling to make clear that Jack wasn’t playing in the same league as Will or Hannibal himself. The wolf in the room brought the darker parts of Hannibal to the forefront.

“Can you wake him up? We have a case, and I think it’s the same killer as the last one. It’s a fucking massacre, and I need Will here asap.”

Now Will’s ears perked up while his face resembled a storm that Hannibal could completely understand. Will was no dog Jack could summon with a whistle whenever he needed him.

“As I already said, Jack, Will is unable to answer. I can pass on your message to him, but you have to forgo Will’s usual assistance for this case.”

Suddenly Will pushed against Hannibal’s leg with his shoulder, and Hannibal used the gesture to ignore Jack’s rant over the phone. Covering the speaker with his hand, Hannibal directed his next question at Will.

“Do you want to go, Will?”

A nod, but then Will shook himself before he kicked his clothes out of the way.

“But, you are unable to shift back yet? You need more time before you can shift back?”

Another nod and Will pushed once more against Hannibal’s legs when Hannibal lifted the phone back to his ear.

“Send me the address and everything else that is important to my phone, Jack. I’ll be there.”

Without waiting for an answer, Hannibal disconnected the call and looked down at Will.

“You know the FBI will do everything in their power to bind you even more to them the second they find out that you are an Old Blood, Will. However, I’m curious about your skills

in the field. My invitation for dinner still stands, Will. I have a lot of questions for you."

Will made a yipping sound, sat back on his haunches and wagged his tail against the table like he wasn't a big werewolf but a Golden Retriever.

Blood Offense

Chapter Notes

Good morning guys,

as already promised, chapter 7 for you today with a little author's note this time :)

Thank you, guys. It's always amazing to see all your nice comments and read your lovely words. I'm not in an easy place for the last 4 weeks when I had to say goodbye to my beloved kitty and your kind words are helping me deal with this loss.

I was supposed to go to Frankfurt yesterday and visit my grandma but I won't put her at risk with the current pandemic. I'm sad that I can't see her but it's better than puttering her at risk.

However, I still have to visit a different part of the family for a 66th birthday and because I'll be only 1 1/2 hours away from my best friend, I decided to stay with her for a bit over a week.

There won't be any updates until I'm back at home. The next update will be online around the 16th this month, so don't worry, but I need some air to breathe now and my friend lives in the middle of nowhere with nothing but forest around her home and a bad internet connection xD

Have a pleasant weekend :)
Silva

Before they could join Jack at a crime scene, Hannibal had do get adequately dressed. Can’t wear an expensive suit to a crime scene on a muddy field, can you?

Will followed Hannibal on silent paws from the office into the house. The wolf looked almost too wild to fit into such an environment, but Will seemed to be aware of his size and strength and stayed away from anything looking remotely breakable.

Hannibal was thankful for it.

Climbing the stairs up, Will’s paws made no sound on the thick carpet, and if not for the strong heartbeat following Hannibal around, the vampire would have missed the wolf’s presence altogether.

When Hannibal set a foot into his bedroom, Will stopped by the door and just looked around in the room in a curious yet respectful way. It made Hannibal smile while another part of

himself wouldn't mind seeing Will in his bedroom, preferably wearing his human skin and nothing more.

Opening his wardrobe, Hannibal reached for the same outfit he wore while observing Will for the first time. Behind Hannibal's back, Will made a sound between a growl and yip.

The wolf hesitated before Will dared to set a paw into Hannibal's bedroom. One predator was respectful of another predator's den.

It amused Hannibal to no end that Will only seemed to be able to stick to specific rules of society for so long before he made his own rules. It told Hannibal more about the wolf Will usually hideaway under his skin than Will might think.

Will prowled through the room while Hannibal ignored him openly...but the vampire's keen senses were focused entirely on Will exploring the room.

Keeping his back turned to Will, Hannibal stripped himself out of his suit jacket, waistcoat and dress shirt and switched them for a simple sweatshirt before he reached for his leather jacket.

When Hannibal turned around, Will was close, and he was staring at Hannibal from his wolf-blue eyes, and while the vampire saw the intelligent hunter lurking behind those blue eyes, there was nothing human about the way Will was staring at him.

Vampire and wolf regarded each other with curious eyes and open senses, waiting for the other to look away.

They looked away at the same time, and the wolf jogged from the room on silent paws.

Following Will, Hannibal switched his shoes against sturdy boots and afterwards, they left the house and walked over to Hannibal's car. Will's car was parked aside.

Opening the passenger door, Hannibal chuckled when Will seemed to consider how to place his big body on the seat without getting the leather dirty.

"The seat can be cleaned up again, Will. Just don't scratch the leather, please, again."

Hannibal hadn't known that wolves could roll with their eyes, but Will hopped into the car and arranged himself on the seat. Closing the door, Hannibal walked around the vehicle, and the moment he had taken his seat, they drove off.

There was a bit of traffic, the day was far from over yet, but the sky was grey, and the air tasted of snow and cold.

Will was looking outside, and his breath fogged the window...until the window rolled down automatically thanks to the button pushed by Hannibal.

Will turned around to look at Hannibal, and this time the vampire could see Will's question

clear as the day on the wolf's face.

Do you really expect me to do..this?

Laughing at the silent question, Hannibal shrugged with his shoulders while directing the car through the traffic.

"Aren't there a lot of things vampires and wolves want to do but would never dare to keep their reputation up as it would be too much of a cliche?"

No sound, no real expression on Will's face before he turned around...and stuck his head out of the window. A lupine smile on his face while the wind ruffled his fur.

Sometimes it's worth sacrificing a bit of reputation to have some fun.

….

They arrived almost 1 ½ hours after Jack's call.

Minutes before the car rolled up at the crime scene, Hannibal had rolled up the window again after Will had been looking straight ahead for several minutes.

Parking the car aside from those of the FBI, Hannibal killed the engine and looked at Will.

Thanks to the tinted windows of the car, one of the benefits of being a vampire because no one cared for such things with them; they had their own closed-off space.

Reaching out, Hannibal buried his right hand in Will's thick fur, and he felt the wolf's powerful body tense and shift.

"You don't have to do this. You can wait in the car until you can shift back, or you can wait at all, and I take care of this, Will. There is no need to expose yourself to them if you don't want it."

Will turned his head and looked at Hannibal before he nipped at the leather of Hannibal's jacket and rubbed his face along Hannibal's forearm.

Unable to identify the meaning behind the lupine gesture, Hannibal allowed it but would ask Will later about it.

With his eyes still closed, Will rested his head against Hannibal's arm. The air inside the car was filled with magic, feral and old, and if Will were a wolf with a pack, Hannibal would have called it pack-magic, the Alpha calling for the strength of his pack, but Will was a lone wolf and still able to call for power from somewhere.

Only more questions to fuel Hannibal's curiosity.

When Will finally opened his eyes again, the wolf's blue eyes were filled with a sharpness

that cut through the magic filling the air around them. It almost looked and felt like Will had reached a state of mind entirely in sync with his whole being. Human, wolf, predator.

Hannibal left the car, walked around it, and opened the door for Will, who jumped out of the vehicle.

The ground was muddy, and Will left huge paw prints in the ground while walking to Hannibal's right.

The position of the second in command, Hannibal noticed, and together they walked past the busy agents and their cars parked left and right...and no one seemed to pay attention to the enormous wolf walking next to Hannibal.

Lifting the yellow warning tape, Hannibal walked underneath it while Will was already scenting the ground while stepping away from Hannibal.

Spotting Jack and Beverly standing in the distance, Hannibal was hit by a wave of putrid stench when the wind carried the scents of the dead to him. Next to him, Will stood frozen on his spot, and the fur on his neck stood up.

If not for the others looking in their direction, Hannibal would have buried his fingers in Will's fur but kept himself from doing so. He couldn't know if Will would accept his touch in public and better not risk anything now. Not when they were on an excellent path to become...more.

Stepping up to the wolf and the kitsune, Hannibal looked down at the carnage with an expressionless face.

Carefully arranged bodies, their chests had been broken open with brute strength. Organs and ripped off muscles had been stuffed into the open chest cavity. Even Hannibal could see the intention behind this display, and he felt his fangs snap down.

"What a waste of life for such a theatric display. There are better ways to court one than...this."

Hannibal knew that he was speaking from his experience as a vampire; only life could sustain his existence, and vampires would gift the one they wanted to court a herd of cattle to feast upon.

Wolves were, not naturally during this age, more carnal in their ways of courting, but Hannibal saw that this display went even farther. It was meant for Will and Hannibal felt cold bloodlust rise from the depth of his darkness.

"True from a vampire's perspective, but since this was done by a wolf, it makes more sense to find a display like this. He wants to prove himself to his Chosen One and a courting like his isn't unusually or had been not so long ago."

Jack's instructive tone of voice made Hannibal growl before he stared at the wolf in question.

“I know, Jack, I was there to witness it and saw the many lives being snuffed out to serve as nothing more but cheap meat left to rotten.”

Hannibal could feel his darkness rising from the shadows all around them, and Jack took a step back while Beverly merely looked curious at the rising shadows without any trace of fear on a face.

“I meant no office, Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal would believe Jack’s words more if Jack wouldn’t look like he wanted to go for Hannibal’s throat.

Allowing himself a smile that would show of his fangs, Hannibal didn’t feel bad about the flash of instinctive fear on Jack’s face.

“Is there anything you can say about this scene, Doctor Lecter? Maybe the perspective of someone who isn’t a wolf will give us a hint until Will can take a look at the scene and tell us more about the killer.”

Surprised, Hannibal risked a glance at Will, who was sitting at Hannibal’s right side. The wolf sat completely still but with a lupine smile full of smugness on his face.

Whatever Will had done earlier in the car, seemed to be the reason that the others could neither see nor scent him. Interesting.

Will looked up at Hannibal and nodded once before he got up and shook himself, fur back in place while his eyes seemed to wander back to the corpses now and then.

“Will is here, Agent Katz.”

The kitsune frowned and looked around, but when Will leaned against Hannibal’s hand, both Jack and Beverly staggered back as they suddenly could see Will standing in their small circle.

“What the…”

Jack interrupted himself while staring at the huge wolf sitting next to Hannibal while Beverly made a surprised yipping sound.

“As you can see, this is the reason Will was unable to answer his phone when you called earlier, Jack. However, Will made it clear to me that he wanted to come here and have a look at the bodies.”

Jack was still staring at Will, who walked past Jack without paying attention to the other wolf, nose close to the ground and walking in circles around the crime scene. Closer and closer to the offering of blood and meat.

“Will is an Old Blood.”

Hannibal felt the strong urge to say something sarcastic to this obvious deduction on Jack’s side, but he restrained himself from doing so and just watched Will. He was focused on his task, nose twitching and ears keeping track of the movements all around him. Sometimes Will would stop to rub his nose against a patch of wet and dead grass before he went back to his task.

“Correct, we were talking about how his nature plays is a part of his Empathy Disorder when you called, Jack. Will was unable to shift back so shortly after shifting into his wolf, and so he decided it would be acceptable to take a look at the crime scene like this. He hopes to find new inputs and new leads.”

More than one lie but Jack didn’t need to know that Will was comfortable enough around an old vampire to show his true nature when he never showed to his own kin.

Jack growled and focused instead on Will than on Hannibal, who seemed to be the bigger threat than a full shifted wolf outside of the time of the full moon.

“This changes everything and will need to be discussed further. As his supervisor, I should have known about a situation like this and…”

Jack’s useless tirade was interrupted by Will snarling and growling in the direction of the forest. It was a loud and threatening sound, and Will looked like he wanted to run into the woods, but something was holding him back. His claws left deep marks into the muddy ground mixed with blood, and with his fur standing up, he looked even bigger than he already was.

“Will?”

At the sound of Hannibal’s voice, Will turned around abruptly, his eyes half-mad, and he growled once more while looking back and forth between Hannibal and the forest.

Suddenly Will shook himself, and his whole body shivered before Will yelped in pain, shook himself only to make another pained sound.

Realizing what Will wanted to do, Hannibal pushed Jack aside and reached out to Will in an instinct he couldn’t explain.

“Stop it, Will. You are still unable to shift back yet. Whatever you want to say, it has to wait until you can shift without hurting yourself.”

Hannibal was reaching out for Will, wanted Will to calm down through with a mere touch, but the second Hannibal’s fingers met soft fur, Will whirled around much faster than Hannibal anticipated.

Pain bloomed in Hannibal’s wrist, where Will had buried his teeth in Hannibal’s skin through the thick leather of his jacket.

Vampire and wolf were completely still while Jack and Beverly behind them took a collective hissing to breathe. It was considered a blood offence to spill an old vampire's blood and was usually met with harsh and swift punishment, but…

Hannibal could feel his blood start to mix with Will's and the wolf's feral mind rammed into Hannibal's own through the connection of blood.

Snarling, Hannibal knew that he could simply pull his hand back, and probably hurt Will in the process, but he felt himself falling deeper and deeper into the spirling mind of Will.

Hunt, track, follow, chase, hunt, track, follow, chase...the taste of blood

A mantra of instincts, wolf and vampire, and there was nothing sophisticated or civilized about it.

Wolf and vampire stared at each other for long seconds before Will released Hannibal's wrist, his teeth blood-stained, and Hannibal felt a different kind of hunger arise.

Will took off in the direction of the forest, following the scent that had set him off only moments ago.

Hannibal followed him not through the shadows but visible for everything to see; wolf and vampire hunting together. Hannibal's mind was falling into a red abyss close to bloodlust, while Will's instincts clouded the vampire's mind.

Enjoy the hunt

Hunting was as much part of Hannibal's nature as the always present thirst for blood. Vampires were predators by nature, one of the best and harder to kill the older they get, but Hannibal was far from being an average vampire.

Stronger than he should have been from the first moment of waking as a vampire, independent where young vampires built nests to survive, full control over his thirst but...the feeling of Will Graham's mind so close to his own rattled on Hannibal's control in a way he never felt before.

A wolf's desire to hunt and chase was utterly different from a vampire's.

Will's wolf relished in the feeling of running through the forest, the mud under his paws and the scent of blood and death marking the trail he was following. The promise of a kill waiting at the end of the trail.

Hannibal was following Will, ran next to him, but deep down, he knew that they were hunting together, a hunting party that would make others question what they saw but with a feeling of something natural filled Hannibal.

Water splashed up when they crossed a small stream, Hannibal's steps almost loud compared to Will's paws on the soft forest ground.

Behind the stream, the whole forest smelled of death and blood, and while the blood smelled stale and spilled, Hannibal couldn't suppress the instinctive reaction of his fangs snapping down, his vision narrowed down on finding his prey.

Slowly, Hannibal was able to separate himself from Will's mind brushing against his own. Not easy, Will's mind was vast and offered so many secrets while being completely feral at the moment.

Blinking, Hannibal noticed the bodies stacked up in the middle of the clearing for the first time.

It was a pile of...death and meat.

Limbs had been severed from the rest of the bodies, arms and legs where they didn't belong, empty eyes staring into the darkness while crows picked flesh off the exposed bones.

The whole scene looked like a still-life, a piece of macabre art in a disturbing way. The ground, covered in dried grass and fallen leaves, looked almost black with blood and other body fluids leaking from the corpses.

The flesh had been ripped from the bones and piled up separately from the corpses. Hannibal

couldn't understand why the killer had taken the time to separate the meat from the bodies like this.

Will's consciousness brushed against Hannibal's in a moment of clearness...before Will succumbed to his instincts.

Before Hannibal could proceed, the foreign thoughts from his own, something strong and heavy, smashed against the vampire and Hannibal ended with his back on the muddy ground.

Growling, Hannibal gripped Will by the throat and squeezed while the wolf was blinded by his instincts to protect what was his. Sharp and huge fangs snapped at Hannibal's face while wicked claws ripped through leather and skin.

Calling onto his darkness, Hannibal gripped Will by the neck and threw the wolf away, followed by the sound of splintering wood.

Getting up, Hannibal saw his blood drip down his arm and fingers; his left arm was shredded by Will's claws, but Hannibal barely noticed the pain and the blood loss while he fixated the still snarling wolf with a heavy glare.

"Will, stop it."

Putting a considerable chunk of his powers into the command, Hannibal was surprised to see that Will just shook it off and jumped once more at Hannibal.

Now that Hannibal was aware of the danger coming from the instinct-lead wolf, Hannibal sidestepped Will's next attack, grabbed the wolf by one of his hind legs and smashed Will once more into the closest tree.

The animalistic rage of the wolf was like a jackhammer to Hannibal's mind, but...the raging wolf barely left any scratches on the darkness surrounding Hannibal. It helped Hannibal to keep a clear mind or wolf and vampire would already be at each other's throats while Hannibal was still trying to get Will to come out of the rage.

Eying the offering made by the killer to Will, Hannibal raised his hands and made a step back while never taking his eyes from Will.

The wolf saw an opponent for his offering in the vampire and maybe threatening Will like his human half would help the wolf to calm down once more.

Will was still a snarling beast, head lowered with his fangs exposed, and unsheathed claws leaven deep marks in the mud.

Wolf blue eyes were full of madness and hunger were like a heavy weight on Hannibal who couldn't suppress the enjoyment he felt at the fight...and the wolf's hunger Hannibal could still feel roaring in his mind.

Moving slowly backwards, Hannibal hoped that when he got Will away from the bodies that

the wolf would calm down again until Will would be back in control.

When several rows of trees separated them from the corpses, Hannibal showed his fangs to the wolf in a huge grin, a taunt and a challenge before he turned around vanished in the shadows of the forest.

The wolf howled, loud and thrilled, followed by the sound of huge paws on wet ground.

Grinning, Hannibal led them through the forest, away from the stench of stale blood and rotting meat, and he could feel the rage of the wolf lessen at the back of his mind.

Slowing down, Hannibal came to a stop on a dry clearing, and he saw the first stars blinking from between holes in the otherwise grey clouds.

The wolf chasing him stepped out from between the trees and eyed Hannibal carefully.

“It’s okay, Will. Nothing happened. You can’t hurt me.”

The wolf huffed and looked away from Hannibal’s eyes to Hannibal’s left arm. Dried blood, dark and strong-smelling, covered the leather and the visible skin through the torn apart leather.

Huffing himself, Hannibal moved his arm and hand. There was only a minor pain left, and even this would be gone in an hour. He was too old to be bothered by a mere flesh wound like this, even one made by a werewolf as strong as Will.

“But I think I have to ask for your vein earlier than I expected, Will. Even with you, I can’t let a blood offence left unanswered.”

True, while Hannibal didn’t feel the pain and healed fast, it came with a price paid with blood, and it would be talked about that Will had taken Hannibal’s blood without permission. No need to let others think Hannibal offered his blood to anyone.

Slowly, the wolf closed the distance between them with his claws, leaving no marks this time. When Will stood in front of Hannibal, and the vampire saw nothing but sharp intelligence gleam on those too blue eyes, he hunkered down and held onto Will by the scruff on his neck.

“That was fun to be honest, Will. You are good competition on a chase.”

Will merely blinked at Hannibal...before his whole body started to jerk and shiver before Will dropped down onto the dry ground.

Pulling his hand back, Hannibal watched Will shift slowly back from wolf to human.

It started all over the place at once.

Joints cracked and groaned while they were shoved back in a human-fitting position. Will growled deep in his chest when his jaw dislocated to form back from lupine to human only to

have his teeth shrink back from fangs to molars.

Again, Hannibal found himself staring at Will's shift. Flawless and fast but not painless according to the sounds coming from Will. His scent turned from wolf to human as well...with notes of hunger and desire filling the air between them.

Kneeling on the ground, Hannibal waited for Will to finish his shift.

Will's skin was covered in a layer of sweat and muscles shivered while they became used to Will's human form once more, and thanks to the still-active connection between them, Hannibal had felt a ghost of the shift in his own body.

Pushing a strand of wild hair out of Will's face, the wolf looked up at Hannibal with a wary smile, but the scent of desire, of arousal, Hannibal could smell coming from Will, was still strong.

"I'm sorry, Hannibal."

Humming, Hannibal felt incredibly pleased when Will leaned into his hand.

"There is nothing you have to apologize for, Will. Instincts can be strong and hard to contain."

Still resting on his front on the dry forest ground, Will smiled almost shyly at Hannibal while nudging at Hannibal's shredded leather jacket.

"Nevertheless, I hurt you, and it was uncalled for me to do so. Let me make it up to you, Hannibal."

They stared at each other for a long second before the double meaning of his words made it through Will's mind, and he made a puffing sound close to a laugh.

Grinning, Hannibal sniffed the air between them, and he couldn't deny that he...felt the same as Will. Hunting, chasing, fighting...it was part of their primal nature after all and feeling aroused by them was natural as well and universal in its nature. It never matters if one was a vampire and the other a wolf; they were both predators in their own right, and a predator's instinct was always the same.

Leaning closer down to Will's face, Hannibal felt the heat coming from Will on his skin.

"Are you offering me your throat in reparation for the blood offence, or are you offering yourself to me, Will?"

The sound coming from Will was more vibration than an actual sound, but Will flipped himself around until he was resting on his back before he leaned his head back to offer Hannibal his throat with a sly smile on his face.

"What if I say both? Would you say no to me?"

The scent of arousal became stronger, and the sounds of the forest were pushed into the background and couldn't hear anything else but the strong and steady beating of Will's heart.

Before Hannibal became aware of his doing, the taste of Will's skin filled his mouth as he licked over the wolf's offered throat.

Wolves weren't usually something Hannibal would consider to drink from, but Will seemed to be an exception to this rule. His heartbeat was strong and alluring under Hannibal's tongue, and when Hannibal shifted them around so he could cradle Will in the right position to drink from him, Will didn't resist.

Sinking his fangs into Will's flesh was easy and had a familiar feeling to it, which left Hannibal bewildered and slightly irritated, but the taste of Will's blood on his tongue washed every thought away.

Will tasted wild and warm, rich and salty with a tang of magic and Hannibal felt his body react to the blood as if he was a vampire freshly made.

Arousal was hot and heavy in his blood, and when he tried to pull back, he became aware of the fingers in his hair, holding his place against Will's throat.

Groaning, Hannibal tightened his bite, and when a thought crashed into his mind that he was hurting Will, the wolf in his arms made a deep sound of pleasure before Will reached for Hannibal's hand on chest guided Hannibal down his body.

Hannibal's fingers brushed against Will's hard cock, precum leaking down on Will's skin, and the wolf hissed when Hannibal closed his fingers around Will's cock.

Heartbeat getting faster and faster, pumping more blood into Hannibal's mouth, the vampire pulled himself forcefully from Will's all too delicious throat.

Licking over the neat fang marks on Will's skin, Hannibal never stopped to move his hand. Jerking Will off, with their bloodborne connection strong and powerful, felt almost like touch to his own body. The pleasure a vampire's bite offered, together with Hannibal's touch, was enough to push Will over the edge fast.

The grip Will had on Hannibal's hair turned almost painful when Hannibal pushed him over the edge.

The scent of arousal became lesser and was replaced by a warm and sated scent from both of them.

"This was a new one, even for me."

Will sounded happy but tired, which mirrored Hannibal's feelings perfectly.

"What? Getting sucked dry in the forest?"

Will's laughter at Hannibal's pun echoed between the trees and the rising darkness, and Hannibal felt a new kind of satisfaction for making Will laugh like this.

"I'm not going to answer this question, but I'm sure we should head back now. I don't feel like having Jack walk in on us like we are teenagers making out for the first time. Might get awkward, and I'm not looking forward to the yelling-in-waiting because I forgot to mention that I'm an Old Blood."

Hannibal felt Will's aversion against meeting Jack. There was a yelling-in-waiting for Will, and if Hannibal could help it, he would be there to make Jack shut up and eat his tongue if necessary.

Standing tall again, Hannibal offered Will his hand and helped the wolf back on his now human feet.

Will looked down at himself.

He was covered in his release, a bit of mud and dried grass left its marks on his skin as well.

Chuckling, Hannibal offered Will a strip of his ripped apart shirt to wipe himself down, and the blush colouring Will's face made Hannibal's fangs ache again.

Will's blood was slowly running through Hannibal's body, which was still aching hard.

A proof for the strength of the blood bond between them was the hunger Hannibal saw in Will's eyes; it was a mix of both of them.

After Will was done wiping himself down, he handed the rag back to Hannibal with a smile that showed the edge of a fang. Growling, Hannibal accepted the stained cloth back and shoved it into the pocket of his jacket.

Now that the fires of rage and arousal had died down, Will looked exhausted and tired to Hannibal's eyes.

"Are you okay, Will?"

Scratching his beard, Will seemed to think about his answer while an owl hooted loudly somewhere around them.

"I feel physically exhausted and mentally awake. Shifting, hunting only to get fed on later by a vampire can take its toll, but my mind wants to go on, continue the hunt and find the one forcing me to lose control like this."

Tilting his head, Hannibal sniffed the air around them.

Will smelled indeed tired, but there was anger in between. There was someone out there who had challenged Will's control over himself, and Hannibal understood the anger Will felt...and

he felt it himself through their blood bond.

“There is nothing to be done at the moment. If your...admirer was still around, your wolf would have noticed, but you were completely focused on me. Let’s head back, tell the FBI where to find the other bodies and then we can drive back. There is nothing left to be done here today, Will.”

A tired nod was the only answer Hannibal got from Will, and together they listened for the faint sounds of the FBI at the edge of the forest and started to walk in their direction.

They walked in silence, and Hannibal watched Will, who seemed to move through the forest on autopilot, but his steps were sure, and he slipped not once.

When only a handful of trees separated them from the FBI, Will hesitated and stopped in the long shadows of the trees.

“Will?”

Night was about to fall over the world, and Hannibal’s were already adapting to the fading light. Will looked...embarrassed.

“Could you...could you get me a blanket or some pants from the FBI? I don’t want to parade around in front of them in my birthday suit. Against the common belief that werewolves feel no shame in walking around naked after a shift, I’m an exception to this rule with people I work with, and I’m not comfortable with.”

Smiling, because it told Hannibal a lot about how Will felt about and around him.

“Sure. Just wait here, and I get you something from my car. I think I still have a blanket in the trunk of my car.”

Hannibal didn’t want to see Will covered by something that didn’t carry Hannibal’s scent.

Allowing himself a short touch to Will’s face, a soft brush of his knuckles over Will’s jaw, Hannibal walked out of the forest.

The second he left the cover of the forest, Hannibal felt dozens of gazes turn in his direction, but he didn’t pay them any attention.

Crossing the distance through the shadows, Hannibal appeared next to his car, opened the trunk with the remote control of the key.

Hannibal had barely opened the trunk when he heard heavy steps coming in his direction.

With the blanket thrown over his arm, Hannibal closed the trunk again, but when he turned around to leave again, Jack Crawford stood in his path with metaphorical steam coming out of his ears.

“Where the hell is Graham, and what took you so long?”

Hannibal was in no mood to deal with Jack’s rude behaviour at the moment, and Hannibal’s control over his darkness wasn’t at its best after everything that happened in the forest.

“I’m not one of your mutts, Agent Crawford, just like Will Graham is not one of them. You would do better, and live longer, to show some respect to those stronger than you by nature and magic.”

Sounds and lights, everything around them, was muted when Hannibal’s darkness crawled from the shadows like a living thing. There wasn’t just a threat in Hannibal’s words, but in the rising shadows as well, and Jack did the only thing his instincts had to be screaming at him; he backed off at once.

Growling, Hannibal passed Jack without further words and felt his darkness trail behind him like a cloak. Pulling it back into himself was more difficult than he liked to admit.

He was once more calm and relaxed when he reached the forest and handed the blanket Will who paused before he took it.

“Is Jack still alive or another body for today’s counter?”

Blinking, Hannibal needed a moment before he answered.

“I may have been...rather direct after he tried to force an answer from me. I don’t think he’ll be bothering you for long, Will.”

Will stepped closer to Hannibal, blanket wrapped around his hips and held it closed with one hand.

“I think I’m going to enjoy a cowering Jack Crawford for once.”

Stunned by these smug words, Hannibal watched Will leave the forest, wrapped in a blanket...and visible fang marks on his neck.

Crimson Desire

Hannibal stood aside while Will gave Jack a short report of what they found in the forest, and while Will left certain things unsaid, Jack's face told Hannibal he knew that he wasn't given a full report. The fang marks on Will's neck were proof enough, but Jack seemed to know better than to antagonize Will at the moment.

Will looked brushed, bloody, had mud on his skin and overall behaved more like a wolf than a human.

No one said a word when Will turned around without saying goodbye and climbed back into Hannibal's car with the blanket still wrapped around his hips.

Hannibal didn't need Will's blood running through his veins to know that Will wanted to leave and hid until the inevitable would happen, Jack trying to come at Will for hiding another part of his gifts.

Will was silent in the car with his hand covering his eyes. It didn't feel like he was hiding from Hannibal at the moment but that he was trying to get himself back together.

Every few minutes, Hannibal would feel the soft brush of fur against his mind. The touch was hesitant and careful like someone was testing and probing the connection between them. Hannibal wasn't entirely sure what to think of the hesitating touches to his mind, as Will had only taken a few droplets of his blood. Hannibal was grateful that the car was standing still at a traffic light when the touch to his mind was pulled back harshly.

It had felt like someone was pulling at his arm and not at something touching his mind.

Turning his head to look at Will, the wolf hadn't moved an inch since they left the crime scene, but when he felt Hannibal's gaze on himself, Will lowered his hand and looked at Hannibal with eyes a spectacular blend of wolf and human.

"My apologies, Hannibal. My wolf is...curious about the blood bond between us. To him, it feels like a pack bond to a certain degree, and while we both prefer to be a lone wolf, such a connection needs to be poked and clawed at to get to know it. I wasn't aware you are so attuned to me through the bond that you would feel it."

The traffic light switched to green, and Hannibal drove off before he answered.

"I only drank from a wolf a couple of times, and neither of them was a lone wolf nor an Old Blood. My best guess is that pack bonds resemble blood bonds vampires tend to create while sharing a nest. I was never part of a nest and have no experience to compare the bonds with each other. However, I don't mind your wolf roaming in the bond if you don't mind."

Giving Will a smile filled with fangs before he looked back at the road, Hannibal extended

his mind and let it drag over Will's like Hannibal was dragging his fingers through the wolf's soft fur.

Will made no sound, but he closed his eyes, and his face was a mask of silent pleasure.

Hannibal's whole focus was on the road, but he didn't pull his mind back from Will's. Still, no sounds from Will, but they weren't necessary as everything played along with Will's features clear as the day.

Even a lone wolf would carve the instinctive desire for a pack bond in his mind, and even Will was no exception to this.

Will leaned heavily against the mental touch Hannibal offered, and it didn't take long for the car to fill with the scent of desire and arousal; from both of them.

"Keep this up, Hannibal, and we won't make inside. I'm not sure you want to give your neighbours a show like this."

A voice more like a growl and Will's wolf blue eyes seemed to be glowing in the darkness of the car. Night had fallen while driving back, and they were only minutes away from Hannibal's home.

"Who says I won't be able to drag you up into my bedroom, even like this?"

Will's mind, a feral fusion of human and wolf, battered against Hannibal's mind, and the vampire was thankful that the street was empty because he jerked the steering wheel hard to the left when it happened.

Lupine laughter filled the car.

"And who says I can't fight dirty as well? Just think what I could do with more of your blood in *my* veins...As far as I know, it needs three full exchanges during the time of three nights before a permanent bond is forged. There is so much we can do even without a permanent bond, Hannibal."

Shuddering but keeping the car steady on the road, Hannibal kept himself from looking at Will as the wolf was still pawing at his mind.

"You seem to know a lot of vampire customs regarding our blood magic, Will."

More lupine laughter.

"I know you are trying to distract yourself, but it won't work, Hannibal, not now."

The next touch to Hannibal's mind felt more feline in its gesture than lupine as the wolf rubbed himself against Hannibal's mind like a cat-like he was offering himself to Hannibal.

Growling, Hannibal was aware that the steering wheel made a few protesting sounds under

his hard grip, but he didn't care. They weren't far away from his house, and then he could make Will apologize for distracting him like this.

"That's what you want to do, Hannibal? Make me apologize for fighting you with your weapons?"

Never in his life had Hannibal been so thankful to reach his home as the car came to a hard stop in the driveway.

Turning around slowly, Hannibal couldn't keep a growl out of his voice.

"You shouldn't read my thoughts, Will. Nothing good comes out of it."

A lupine yip and Will had unbuckled both their seat belts.

"You think rather loud, and I have to disagree. I won't say no to the things you have in mind...when you ask me nicely."

Before Hannibal could reply, Will moved fast in such a cramped space. He found the lever for Hannibal's seat and pushed the seat backwards, and seconds later, Hannibal had a very naked and very aroused wolf in his lap.

The kiss that followed was rough and messy as Will pawed at Hannibal's clothed chest while Hannibal could touch Will's heated skin everywhere he desired.

The heat rising between them made the windows fog over, and Hannibal groaned loud when sharp teeth nibbled on the skin on his throat without breaking the skin.

Leaning back into his seat, Hannibal allowed Will to leave as many marks as he wanted...they would be gone with the next sunrise anyway, but for now, wolf and vampire could enjoy their making.

Unsated arousal from earlier in the forest came back with a vengeance, intense and demanding. When Hannibal felt Will's warm hands fiddling with his belt and zipper, Hannibal was ready just to rip the offending material into shreds to feel Will's hands on his heated flesh.

However, thanks to their arrangement in their cramped space of the car, Will had the better position to move, and so he battered Hannibal's hands away while biting down on the strong muscles at Hannibal's neck.

The skin broke, and Hannibal felt his eyes roll back into his head at the sharp pleasure, and the scent of his blood filled the car. His fangs snapped down hard, piercing his bottom lips, and the sound of Will lapping at the shredding skin was more erotic than anything Hannibal could remember to have ever heard.

When Will pulled back, his lips were smeared with blood, and his teeth looked longer and sharper than they should in a human face.

Without thinking, Hannibal gripped Will be the long curly strands of hair in his neck and pulled wolf into another messy kiss.

Tasting his blood on Will's lips was almost enough to make Hannibal forget every last thought. He barely noticed the rough fingers squeezing the bite mark on his throat until his blood ran down in thick droplets.

Blood-warm and slippery fingers on his cock made Hannibal pull back, and Will snarled at the broken kiss.

Looking down, the barely existing logical part of Hannibal's mind knew what he would see, but the more primal and aroused part moaned loudly.

Will's long fingers, covered in blood, were wrapped around Hannibal's cock, smearing the blood all over him until Hannibal was slippery with his blood.

Another hard squeeze on his throat made Hannibal hiss, but the sound died when Will reached behind himself with blood-slick fingers, and everything in Hannibal stilled while he watched Will's face.

Rapture, pleasure, excitement, twitches of pain and more flashed over Will's face while he opened himself up with Hannibal's blood easing the way. The wolf paid no attention to the vampire watching him, and that alone was enough to make Hannibal lose every last rational thought.

When Will lifted himself while pushing Hannibal back against the seat, Hannibal snapped with his fangs at Will, who growled like the wild beast he was under his skin.

There wasn't much room to move, but somehow Will made it, and Hannibal was sure he was going to leave purple prints of his hands on Will's skin when Will lowered himself slowly down on Hannibal's cock.

Heat surrounded Hannibal, a hot tightness around his cock and blood never had been the best thing to use for this kind of sex, but neither of them seems to care. Will took everything Hannibal had to give and sat panting in Hannibal's lap while he tried to adjust to the feeling of being full and stretched.

Their connected minds were a mess of arousal and the need to consume each other, but Hannibal had no room to move, could only wait for Will to start moving.

When Will finally started to move, it was a slow and grinding motion while he tried to find the right angle and rhythm, and Hannibal had no idea where to look at first.

Will's face that jerked in pleasure whenever he hit the right angle or lower down where Will's cock was twitching and leaking precum on Hannibal's shirt.

Keening when Will lifted himself only to drop back down, Hannibal closed his fingers

around Will’s cock. The added stimuli made Will whine and jerk, but he didn’t stop or asked Hannibal do let go of him.

Wolf blue eyes searched for Hannibal’s hazed gaze before Will leaned his head back and trailed his fingers over his throat, a tease and an invitation at once.

There was no time to think, no thoughts wasted, when Hannibal lunged forward.

Fangs found their mark quickly, and Will made a broken sound when Hannibal didn’t start to suck the blood from his body but let it drip into his mouth with the sync of Will’s heartbeat.

After a few uncoordinated jerks of Hannibal’s hand, Will came for the second time of this yet young night over Hannibal’s fingers while Will’s orgasm made the blood flow faster and stronger, the aroma rich and powerful.

With his fangs still buried in Will’s neck, Hannibal used the bit of room he gained while sitting, he snapped his hips up, burying himself again and again in Will’s tight heat. Every sharp thrust against Will’s prostate made the blood gush from the fang marks, and Hannibal could feel himself lose in the taste and feel of Will.

When Hannibal finally reached his orgasm, he tightened his bite involuntarily, and Will whimpered painfully, but in their still shared minds, Hannibal felt nothing but pleasure coming from the wolf.

Good thing that the night was yet young because Hannibal wanted more of Will, and the wolf pawing against Hannibal's mind seemed to have the same things in mind as well.

Willing Blood

After a few blissful minutes in the car, filled with kisses and exploring touches, both decided that going inside would a good idea.

With some difficulties, Will pulled away and could only leave the car on Hannibal's side of the car only to get his blanket handed over with a fang-filled grin.

Will huffed and wrapped the blanket once more around his hips. The mental picture Hannibal immediately felt forming in his mind made the vampire stop to get himself back under control. The mere thought of his release running down Will's legs while they were still outside of Hannibal's house was enough to make Hannibal pause in his attempt to leave the car.

Only Will's not so subtle cough brought Hannibal back and out of his mind, but the vampire was sure that the wolf following up the steps could scent his renewed arousal.

"Let me shower first, and then we can talk about the things you're trying not to think about too hard, Hannibal."

Closing the door behind them, Hannibal watched Will looking around the hallway.

"Can you really read my thoughts from the thin connection in your direction, or are you merely guessing what I am thinking?"

When Will turned around to look at Hannibal, the vampire had the strange feeling that Will looked completely out of place in his home. A wild beast trapped in a cage of sophistication.

"A bit of both, I think. There is a lot of magic in your blood and bonds; connections are basically a werewolf's nature. Makes it easy for us to connect. You don't think in whole sentences but pictures and several languages I don't know."

Fascinating. Hannibal hadn't been aware of the patterns of his thinking.

"A benefit of a long life; you have time to learn what others would consider a waste of time."

Will nodded, but before he could answer, a jaw-splitting yawn interrupted him, and Hannibal saw more than a few teeth too sharp to be human.

Chuckling, Hannibal reached for Will's arm and nodded upstairs.

"Third door to the left. You'll find a bedroom with an attached bathroom with a bathing robe behind the door. Take your time to freshen up, and I prepare you a snack."

Will scratched his beard, and flakes of mud fell off and onto the expensive carpet.

“Yeah, sounds awesome, to be honest. Shifting needs a lot of energy.”

That was something Hannibal already guessed from seeing Will’s naked body for the first time. Will was too thin for Hannibal’s liking, and after today’s shift and allowing Hannibal to drink from his vein twice, Will looked tired.

“I’ll prepare you a meal with lots of protein then. Take your time, Will. The night is yet young.”

Hannibal was already on his way to the kitchen when he heard Will complete the vampiric saying.

“...and full of unshed blood and opportunities.”

Smiling, to himself, Hannibal waited in the hallway until he heard the shower start running.

He had found himself a rare jewel, and Will had been right. The night is yet young and full of unshed blood and opportunities

…

Hannibal carried the tray with Will’s snack upstairs and walked into the room right when the wolf left the bathroom while rubbing his hair carelessly dry with a towel.

Will’s earlier words that he was an exception to rule of werewolves after their shift came back to Hannibal’s mind while Will walked around Hannibal’s bedroom, naked and comfortable in his skin.

Throwing the towel over his shoulder, Will looked around the room while Hannibal placed the tray on the small table.

“This is your bedroom.”

Not seeing any reason to skip the answer to the question, Hannibal placed the chair, fitting to the table, in front of the tray.

“It is. The guestroom isn’t prepared for guests, and so is its bathroom. I hope you aren’t uncomfortable with staying in here, Will.”

Will carefully placed the towel on the chair before he sat on it, still naked, and strangely Hannibal hadn’t had a problem with Will taking his seat just like he was, completely naked.

“No, and considering that you already made it clear that you want me here, I see no reason to feel uncomfortable. The room suits you; it’s so...you. Collected, strong, organized and a bit overbearing.”

Only because Hannibal saw the mischief glint in Will’s eyes didn’t he growl while sitting

down on the chair opposite from Will's.

The wolf had already picked up the fork and was more or less shovelling the scrambled eggs in his face, and Hannibal was amused by Will's lack of manners. He was eating just like his other half would feast on a fresh kill. Fast and as much as he could take before someone else could take his kill from him.

It was refreshing to see a wolf be so in tune with his whole self.

When Will used his fork like a spear to pick up one of the sausages on the plate, the wolf stopped moving at all while he tasted the meat for the first time.

Human blue eyes turned into wolf blue eyes while Will slowly chewed his nightly snack.

"Did you hunt the meat yourself, Hannibal?"

A loaded question, but if Hannibal hadn't been prepared for it, he wouldn't have served Will the meat.

"I did. I hope it's to your liking."

Never breaking the intense eye contact, Will impaled another sausage on his fork and lifted it slowly up to his mouth.

Hannibal's mind was completely empty while he watched Will close his lips around the fork before he started to chew slowly, like he was savouring the bite, searching for each spice Hannibal used.

No further words were exchanged until Will finished his food, and the wolf was still looking at Hannibal when Will put his cutlery down.

"My compliment to the chef. It's...rare to find meat in this...quality these days. This is not an age made for hunting."

A compliment that wouldn't sound strange coming from a millennia-old vampire, but Will wasn't one of the blood kin.

"Indeed, it's not an age made for hunting. Technology has its benefits, but most have forgotten their heritage lays somewhere else, and they start to wither away in a human-made time, not fitting one's true needs. There is more meat if you wish."

Leaning back in his chair, Will's eyes returned to his human blue eyes before he shook his head.

"Not yet, later perhaps. For now, I would like to try your bed to be honest. I'm not used to shifting back and forth in such a small time frame. Normally, I either spend the whole duration of the full moon as a wolf or at least the night after a shift. A nap would be fantastic at the moment."

Hannibal picked up the tray and was glad that he prepared so much earlier. There was enough left to feed Will again later that night.

“Of course, Will. Feel free to rest as much as need. I’m sure we can expect a call from Jack close to midnight or before the sun rises again. Rest until then.”

Before Hannibal could leave for the kitchen, strong and warm fingers touched his wrist and only then did Hannibal realized that Will was checking Hannibal for any cuts and scratches from almost three hours ago.

“I’m already healed, Will. Thanks to you offering me your blood twice tonight.”

Will licked his lips, and Hannibal felt a soft brush of fur against his mind.

“Would you...would you join me when you are done in the kitchen? I’m sure I will fall asleep the second my head hits your pillow, but...I’m not used to sleeping alone in a bed. My pack of canines usually joins me for the night.”

Thrilled at the polite question, Hannibal nodded.

“As you wish, Will. Make yourself comfortable; I will join you in a few minutes.”

Carrying the tray back downstairs and into the kitchen, Hannibal felt the new connection in his mind calm down until it felt muted and strangely warm. Will had already fallen asleep just like he said he would.

Cleaning the kitchen up back to presentable, Hannibal went back upstairs.

Will had taken Hannibal’s spot in the big bed and was resting on his front while he tried to strangle the filling from the pillow. He looked calm and comfortable, and Hannibal could see his fang marks on Will’s neck.

Deciding against anything to keep himself from being modest, Hannibal stripped himself out of his ruined clothes. He had completely forgotten to change before he started to prepare a snack for Will.

When Hannibal joined Will under the blankets, the vampire was taken by surprise by the heat emanating from the wolf beside him. Not used to such a heat under his blankets, and sleeping during such a time in the night, Hannibal wasn’t sure if he could sleep at all...before Will rolled around with a soft growl and placed his head on Hannibal’s chest.

The wolf huffed before he found his place on top of Hannibal...and the soft sound of Will’s heartbeat lulled Hannibal into a comfortable sleep.

…

Hannibal woke up to something warm and wet, touching his skin while rough padded fingers

were roaming his chest.

Looking down, the room still dark, Hannibal watched Will lick his way down Hannibal's chest and lower, his right hand scratching teasingly over Hannibal's nipple.

"Enjoying yourself, Will?"

Will smirked when he looked up at Hannibal, his eyes glowing azure in the darkness of the room.

"Yes. I hadn't had time to satisfy my curiosity about you, yet, and even while sleeping, you didn't seem to mind."

Only at these teasing words did Hannibal notice his erection rubbing against the soft hairs on Will's chest while Will's erection was like a hot demand against Hannibal's leg.

"Obviously not, but I hope you are going to put your...curiosity to good use, Will."

Biting down at the flesh of Hannibal's hip, Will soothed the bite with a lick.

"Lean back and think of England."

The answer was already at the tip of his tongue, Hannibal found himself unable to form the words when Will moved and sucked Hannibal's cock down his throat without warning.

Hissing, Hannibal buried his hands in the sheets around him while watching Will bob his head up and down the vampire's length.

The heat of Will's mouth paired with his curious tongue made Hannibal buck up into Will's mouth before he could restrain himself. Will made a gagging sound for a moment, and Hannibal was about to find the words to apologize when the sound coming from Will turned into a moan, and the vibrations forced Hannibal back on the covers like someone had cut off the strings attached to his limbs.

Too warm fingers found Hannibal's wrist, and the Hannibal stared in awe when Will directed his hand into his hair before the fingers of his other hand, tugged on Hannibal's balls.

Panting, Hannibal closed his fingers around Will's soft locks but merely to have something to focus on than direct the wolf's movements.

Will was far more talented than Hannibal dared to dream about. The right kind of pressure, a perfect teasing touch of lips, tongue and an edge of teeth and Will seemed to know whenever Hannibal was close because the grip he had on the vampire's balls tightened momentarily.

When Will finally pulled up only to lick his lips, Hannibal wanted to use his grip on the wolf's soft hair to pull Will back down and finish what he started. However, Will surprised him once more on this day.

“I want you do fuck me again, Hannibal. Like you mean it.”

Hannibal felt his fangs elongate so fast the sharp tips almost broke through the skin of his bottom lips.

“Make yourself comfortable then, darling.”

Hannibal ignored Will moving next to him while he opened the drawer next to the bed and took the bottle of lube out.

Turning back around, Hannibal found Will resting on his front, legs slightly spread with one ankle resting on his calf.

Not wanting to wait any longer, and Will had made it perfectly clear what he wanted, Hannibal spread some of the lube on two of his fingers, guided his hand between Will’s spread legs and pushed his fingers into Will’s waiting hole.

Will huffed, and Hannibal growled low when he found Will still open and slippery from their encounter in the car, and it was a primal feeling of satisfaction that Will still carried the evidence of their earlier round inside of him.

When Hannibal’s long fingers rubbed hard over Will’s prostate, the wolf yelped and pushed his hips up, which forced Hannibal to reach even deeper.

The bond between was active, and in turmoil, Will’s wolf was pawing at Hannibal’s mind, demanding more.

Rolling to his knees, Hannibal pulled his fingers out much to Will’s distress, but Hannibal ignored him for the moment while he spread more lube over his cock. The blood earlier had worked well enough in the confined place of the car, but now they had room to move, and it was what Will had requested after all.

Not giving Will a warning, Hannibal slowly pushed back inside, watching Will’s body swallow his cock.

When Hannibal finally bottomed out, Will was breathing hard, but Hannibal could see that the wolf was holding himself from back demanding more at the moment.

Enjoying this moment of stillness, of tight heat and flexing muscles in Will’s body, Hannibal chuckled when Will growled, but the sound broke off when Hannibal pulled out and started to thrust.

The sound Will made could be a word, could be nothing but a broken sound when the wolf pushed back into every thrust, Hannibal saw no reason to reason to hold back when Will was obviously asking for more.

The wet sound of skin meeting skin filled the room mixed with sounds of pleasure and need from both of them.

When Hannibal saw that Will was pushing his hand down his body, Hannibal slapped the hand away. Whining, Will looked over his shoulder before he slumped forward and offered himself even more to Hannibal.

Snarling, Hannibal leaned over the wolf, placing his hand down on the bed next to Will's head and reached under Will until his fingers closed around the wolf's cock while never stopping his thrusts.

Hannibal's fingers meet the hot and warm skin of Will's cock and...something firmer, harder and rigged and the part of Hannibal's brain that wasn't focused on fucking Will silly, offered the right information to what Hannibal was feeling.

Grinning, Hannibal rubbed over the rigged and harder part at the base of Will's cock. Will keened at the rough touch on his knot, and when Hannibal used his whole hand to press down on Will's knot...his wolf was gone.

The sound Will made was far from human, and his whole body tensed and jerked under Hannibal's body, who felt his eyes roll back in his head at the intense pleasure of Will's even tighter body around his cock.

However, Hannibal wasn't prepared for the pain in his wrist, which followed the feeling of his blood taken through the bite.

Will had clamped down his teeth around Hannibal's wrist close to his head. It was pain and pure bliss. Hannibal's orgasm was an unknown force while Will's presence in his mind became stronger, and together they fell into the abyss of their shared minds and blinding pleasure.

Still attuned

When wolf and vampire woke up once more, the first rays of sunshine broke through the pulled close curtains.

Hannibal's phone blinked with several text and voice messages from Jack, and Will was sure his phone was looking the same, but his phone, together with his clothes, was still in Hannibal's office.

It was Saturday, and while they considered their next step, Hannibal's phone went off again, and Will stared at the interrupting piece of technology like he wanted to bite it in half.

Chuckling, Hannibal set his phone on silent mode before he approached a still very naked wolf in his kitchen.

"Whatever Jack wants can still wait. Let's have breakfast for you, and then we are going to get your clothes from my office."

Hannibal didn't follow the urge to keep talking only to suggest that Will could keep a stash of clothes at Hannibal's home for the future...but Will's smirk told the vampire enough.

Watching Will eat, who was leaning against the kitchen counter with a fork in one hand and a plate in the other, made Hannibal wonder how this lone wolf had managed it to dig himself so deep into Hannibal's life in such a short time.

Will's blood had an addictive sweetness to it, a strength Hannibal rarely tasted in one's blood, and the connection between them was stronger since Will had taken so much of Hannibal's blood.

"If it makes you feel better, I'm also not sure how all of this could happen so fast. I like my life as a lone wolf, my territory in Wolf Trap far from everyone. Then a certain vampire crashed into my life in Jack's office, and here I am. Standing naked in your kitchen and devouring your food. How come a vampire is such a good cook?"

Handing Will a cup of coffee, Hannibal leaned against the counter next to Will.

"I used to be a surgeon in my long life. I turned my desire for anatomy into an art form of a more...culinary kind. I get hardly any nourishment from eating as you do, I'm a vampire after all, but my age allows me to enjoy it nevertheless. The taste, the spices…"

"The meat," Will interrupted him before biting down on a cold sausage from yesterday while staring at Hannibal from the corner of his eyes.

"The meat, yes. It's to your liking, I assume."

There was no need to test the waters, but Hannibal felt a dark desire to hear Will say something about the origin of the meat.

“It is. I haven’t eaten anything like this in...a long time. Reminds me of different times, times with different rules. I would like to get a dinner invitation after your next hunt. Would give me a...believable excuse to stay away from Jack’s next case.”

A hungry thrill ran through Hannibal’s body, but it was like saying Jack’s name had summoned the man, Hannibal’s phone went off again, still silent, but Jack’s name flashed on the display.

Next to Hannibal, Will sighed while staring at his empty plate and the rest of scrambled eggs and meat juice on it.

“You better answer him, or he’ll appear on your doorstep with silver chains for both of us.”

Growling, because it was a common myth that silver would contain vampires and shifters of the Old Blood, Hannibal picked up his phone.

“Good morning, Jack.”

The growl coming from the other side broke off when Jack realized his call had been answered.

“Good Morning, Doctor Lecter.”

Grinning, it sounded like Hannibal’s lesson from yesterday had worked.

“How can I help you this early in the morning on the weekend?”

It was a taunt, all knew it, and Will gave Hannibal a lupine grin...before he started to lick his plate clean.

“I need your and Will’s statement about what happened last night and what you found in the forest. It’s a goddamn chaos in the morgue! When can you be here, and do you know where Graham is? He’s not answering his damn phone.”

Showing Will his sharp fangs earned the vampire a smug grin from the wolf, and Will licked the last meat juice flavoured with spices from his lips.

“Will is with me, and we are currently enjoying a very needed breakfast. We can be at Quantico in…”

Will lifted his hand and raised three fingers.

“Three hours. Will needs a few more hours to be presentable again.”

Another growl from the other side of the line and Will’s eyes flashed light blue, and he

snarled silently while staring at the phone.

"Okay, until later."

Jack hang up without waiting for an answer from Hannibal, and the vampire hissed in annoyance while staring at the display of his phone.

"I have no idea how you can deal with such rude behaviour when you are clearing higher up the food chain than Jack will ever be."

Spoken from an established position of power.

"As you already know, I don't parade around, announcing loudly what I'm capable of. It served my purpose to keep Jack blind and that he now knows will make things more complicated for me. I'm not looking forward to meeting him later."

Will rinsed his plate in the sink but made an annoyed face.

Dragging his hand over Will's naked back like he had done it with the beautiful wolf hiding under Will's skin, Hannibal took the plate from Will's hands.

"And Jack has no right to use you in any way you don't want to. Should you put him in his place like you have every right to so, no one will be able to interfere. With last night, it's now official knowledge that you are an Old Blood, and with it comes certain privileges you can use to your advantage. Having those of lesser power cower in front of you simply because they fear you for what you are, it can be...entertaining."

Will's answer was a sound between laughter and growl, which followed them back upstairs and into the shower.

Four hours later…

When Hannibal finally parked the Bentley in the Quantico parking lot, four instead of three hours had passed.

They had taken their time showering only for Hannibal renewal the visible fang marks on Will's throat. The had moaned in amusement at what Hannibal was doing.

Will borrowed a set of workout pants from Hannibal while they drove to Hannibal's office to get Will's clothes, and after Will was once more dressed in his clothes from the day before, they were back on the highway leading down South to Quantico.

Time passed far too fast with easy conversation, and they weren't looking forward to meeting Jack. The wolf wouldn't take it kindly that Will withheld information from him...and that Will technically had a higher rank than Jack himself in the classes of society.

Their steps were loud but perfectly in sync in the otherwise empty hallways, and the few agents they met stared in awe at Will...awe mixed with fear. Words had already spread, and in

Hannibal's mind, it was a good thing.

Knocking once on Jack's door, both vampire and wolf walked in without waiting for an answer with Hannibal holding the door open for Will. A sign that Will played in the same league as Hannibal to Jack.

The room smelled of wolf and anger, and Jack saw their game what it was, a display of power he didn't have.

"Hello, Jack. My apologies for being late."

No explanation and the apology was more of a phrase than genuine.

"About time, this case is a mess and the only two who could tell me more vanish dramatically in the night."

Will only shrugged with his shoulders and lowered himself into one of the chairs in front of Jack's desk without bothering to say something to the wolf. He was already too used to the gruff tone of voice Jack usually used with him, and so Hannibal took the seat to Will's left...while pushing his chair a bot closer to Will's.

Another subtle display of companionship aimed at Jack.

"You already got my statement last night, Jack. I don't know what you expect me to tell you when you already got everything."

Will sounded bored, but his whole focus was on Jack...while the powers and energies in the room started to shift subtly. How interesting.

"What I got from you was the bare minimum of information to explain the obvious evidence at the crime scene, which is nothing but a mess of so many bodies, that the team down in the morgue is going to be busy with for the next weeks. There is already a rumour going around that an Old Blood, maybe even a Feral Blood, is responsible for this disaster. My bosses are already breathing down my neck...and the one agent who could tell me more about all of this vanishes for the night, but not only this, but it's getting even better. My own agent fails to inform me that he could gather even more valuable evidence at every goddamn crime scene because he's a fucking Old Blood! One who gets a bit too friendly with his psychologist!"

There was a threat in the air and not a subtle one. A Feral One was rare, even rarer than Old Bloods, but with the ability to hold a blend between wolf and human. A wolf's strength paired with the ability to stand on two legs, opposable thumbs and the real talents even had the ability to speak.

Interesting.

"Be careful, Jack. You can't know what might happen when you anger one who can shift at will and any time."

Hannibal turned around and looked at Will.

He sat completely still in his chair, his whole focus directed on Jack, and when Will flexed his fingers, Hannibal saw that Will's fingers now ended in sharp claws.

"I'm not one of your agents, Jack, and it would be good to remember this. I'm working for you because I want to help, and me helping you is already causing a problem for the classes I'm supposed to give. My will to help you is stretching...thin, Jack. Officially, I'm a professor at the Academy, and it won't be a problem for me to...simply go back there. Who knows? Maybe the information about me being an Old Blood will help to teach my students. It's my life and my decision, exactly like it's my choice with whom I decide to spend my time with."

Jack growled, and while Hannibal knew that Will's eyes would be that of a wolf in such a situation, Jack's remained dark and human. The stink of rage and fear mixed in the room, and Hannibal felt his darkness react to the scents. Fear always means prey, and right now, Jack found himself in the position of sitting across two apex predators without a way out.

Pushing the instinctive reaction down, Hannibal reached out to Will, a careful touch around the wrist, right at the place where Will had bitten Hannibal last night.

Will slowly turned around and stared at Hannibal with unblinking eyes, his facial features were askew, just like his hands, sharp canines visible because Will still held a vicious snarl on his face.

"Will, there is no reason for violence."

Will only blinked, but the connection between them was loud and in an uproar, Will's wolf snarling and hissing at Jack while Will tried to control his beast with a mental leash. Touching the wolf on the mental plane was easy because Will allowed Hannibal in his mind without walls between them.

The wolf calmed down, and Will's features became human again except for his eyes.

"Would you leave Jack and me alone for a bit, Hannibal? I'll call you later when I'm back home in Virginia. My car is still parking in front of your office. I'll find someone driving me back there."

Words spoken aloud with silent words following them.

"It's like you said, Jack has no right to use me if I don't want to."

Nodding, Hannibal got up. This was Will's fight, wolf against wolf and the vampire already knew who would win.

Letting go of Will, Hannibal got up and spoke to Jack, who looked like he wanted to be somewhere else.

“Jack, I’ll send you a report of my part last night. Will, until soon.”

Jack barely acknowledged Hannibal, but Will nodded.

It felt strange to leave Will behind while the wolf was still growling and prowling around in the connection. Not a true blood bond, a permanent one, but strong nevertheless.

Even an hour later, after leaving the FBI grounds in Quantico, the wolf was curled around Hannibal’s mind like a sleepy cat, warm and breathing softly while Will felt farther away. He was still in Quantico.

His house felt strangely empty, and the scent of Will lingered around like a subtly set mark.

Hannibal was looking forward to hearing from Will, and the call couldn’t come fast enough.

…

It was almost midnight, and when Hannibal’s phone went off again, the vampire felt the violent urge to smash the small device against the wall and watch it shatter into a billion pieces.

After returning back home, Hannibal had written his report for Jack despite not being one of his agents, but he had been present and more than involved. So Hannibal considered it his duty to hand over the clipped but detailed report.

Afterwards, he re-scheduled a few of his appointments for the upcoming week. Frederick didn’t take it kindly to be re-scheduled and was a wreck about it. How the man had survived as long as he had, was something Hannibal couldn’t understand but when the man called every hour to ask if someone else cancelled their appointment and if he could take over the hour, Hannibal wanted to strangle the man.

When Frederick finally gave up, Jack called and had questions about the report. Naturally, the agent tried to find out the things Hannibal hadn’t been telling in his statement, but Jack seemed to know better than trying to grill Hannibal for more information. It was easy to answer the questions without giving himself, or Will, away. It wasn’t Jack’s business what happened between them, and the wolf seemed to know it as well because he didn’t bring Will up at all, which was telling Hannibal more than enough.

After the call with Jack, Hannibal was glad to enjoy his silence while working on different things for the next week when his phone went off again.

Growling, Hannibal picked the phone up without checking the caller-ID.

“Lecter.”

Should anyone answer one of Hannibal’s calls like this, the vampire would make sure the culprit would never again answer a phone, not at all.

Silence for a long heartbeat and Hannibal was about to hang up when the voice coming from the speaker made him stop.

"Sorry, I didn't realize how late it is. I'll call you earlier in the morning when you are not so busy."

Sighing, Hannibal reached out for the wolf rubbing his soft fur against Hannibal's mind. Will was farther away than ever, means he was probably in his own home out Wolf Trap, Virginia.

"It's okay, Will. I have to apologize for being so rude. A patient of mine had been calling me every hour because I rescheduled his appointment next week only to have Jack call me to get more information than I already offered through my official report. The sound of my phone ringing again hit the wrong nerve, but not you, Will."

The sound of a yipping dog followed by a soft growling Will made Hannibal chuckle for reasons he didn't want to analyze at the moment.

"Yeah, Jack hadn't had one of his good days today, and me not playing along with his game anymore only pissed him off some more. Thankfully, there is nothing he can do about it. I have to say Doctor Lecter; you are a rather bad influence on me. Are you always like this with your patients?"

Hearing the teasing note in the wolf's voice made Hannibal lean back in his chair and give Will his undivided attention.

"I'm afraid, Mister Graham, that since you are not my patient, I'm not the one to be blamed for your character development in showing Uncle Jack your fangs."

Will hummed like he was thinking.

"Jack was rather impressed by my...fangs. He's playing nice, for now, but only because he doesn't want to lose his bloodhound, and we both know it."

Scratching the wolf in the bond behind his ears, Hannibal frowned at Will's words.

"You are not a bloodhound, Will, and if Jack only sees you as such, he's a fool."

More sounds coming from Will's dogs in the background and Will spoke softly to his dogs before he returned to their conversation.

"And what am I in your eyes, Hannibal?"

Hannibal didn't miss the lure hidden in the question, and he considered his next words before he answered carefully.

"Smart, cunning, the metaphorical wolf in the sheep's clothing. Hiding your strength behind your empathy to turn people in the wrong direction before they come to close, but even should someone come to close and you don't like it, you have your way of getting rid of

them. You didn't have to show me your true nature just like you didn't have to go out and show the FBI your true colours. Someone of your strength doesn't live so long undetected without being sly and insidious if necessary. A true hunter and predator."

"My, my...such a compliment coming from a vampire as old as you are, Hannibal. Tell me, what would you do if I weren't almost two hours away?"

Biting down on his tongue, Hannibal kept himself from saying that he could be with Will in no time. It was his time of the day and walking through the shadows would bring him quickly to Will's doorstep but...this wasn't what the game was about, Hannibal could feel it.

"Do you want to hear more words of praise for being tricky with leading others around by their nose while you steal their last sheep from under their noses?"

"I hadn't had the need to be tricky since the first pack war ended with the old world being covered in corpses and blood, but I wouldn't mind hearing you talk some more. Your voice is...addictive, Hannibal."

Hannibal found himself once more stunned at the words Will had thrown at him. He had been a vampire for not even two centuries when the first pack war wreaked havoc in what was now Europe. The stench of death had polluted everything, but...when Will had fought in this war, he was either as old as Hannibal or maybe even older. Wolves aged slower than humans, but the ancient bloodlines were as close to immortality as vampires were.

It was another bread crumb thrown at Hannibal by Will, but the vampire would store the information away until it was the right time to ask for more.

"What do you want to hear, Will? Maybe how I would love to have you all for myself for days and nights, without anyone interrupting us? That we aren't going to leave my home or yours until we are so satisfied that we can't move anymore? Or maybe that I want you at my mercy with you having no say what I'm going to do to you? Would you allow that, Old Blood? Allowing yourself to be at a vampire's mercy for an unknown time without knowing what I have in mind for you?"

Will snarled, rough and loud while the wolf battered against Hannibal's mind.

"Would you make me wait, vampire? Make me beg? Or would you make me beg for a whole different reason because you force me to go beyond anything I have ever felt only to show me a new line in the sand? You enjoyed seeing me wearing a collar for you, after all."

The picture of Will wearing collar not for him but...*for him*, because he wanted it himself and to make Hannibal happy...yes, that was something Hannibal wouldn't turn down if offered.

"Yes, you would love to see me wearing a collar again. What else would you love to do to me?"

Thoughts Hannibal hadn't dared to entertain rose from the depths of his mind.

“I would want to know how much you can take and how often I can make you reach completion before even your healing ability as a wolf would call defeat. I would bury my fangs in every vein close to the skin to see you covered in my fang marks and to taste your blood with every orgasm. Maybe I would tie you to my bed; maybe I would find us a place where no one would disturb us, and we could play without holding back.”

Will was panting on the other side of the line, and Hannibal heard the rustle of fabric being pushed down.

“Maybe I would let you, but maybe I’ll fight you. I’m stronger than you think, and controlling a werewolf isn’t an easy thing.”

The slick sound of skin moving over skin could be heard, and as much as Hannibal wanted to join in, he focused more on the sounds coming from Will and what he was feeling in their connection. Hunger and arousal mixed with bright need.

“Good thing then I’m not a mere vampire and know how to exercise control about myself and in addition, about others. Would you allow me to strip your control from yourself, Will? Hand you over completely to me without having to fear that you could hurt me?”

A lupine keen sounded through the phone, and Hannibal imagined Will lying in his bed with his hand around his cock, pleasuring himself while listening to Hannibal.

Reaching into the blood bond, Hannibal touched Will’s mind with his own. It was true that he had no experiences with bonds like this, but Will’s mind was like a beacon for Hannibal.

He imagined dragging his fangs over Will’s jugular without biting down, just to let the wolf feel the sharp fangs scratching the skin while Will was pleasuring himself.

When Will’s half of the connection was in turmoil and building up like a wave, Hannibal imagined sinking his fangs into Will’s skin, feeling the flesh part under sharp teeth and accepting the first drop of blood like a gift.

Will’s orgasm reached Hannibal through the still connected call and through the blood bond. A crescendo of sounds and emotions and Hannibal could taste Will’s blood on his tongue only to crave the real deal even more so.

Never like this

Chapter Notes

Hey guys,

sorry for the delay with the updates. I started a new job in a different department at my company and this is keeping me busy and exhausted. After 8 hours of learning and working, I don't want to sit in front of a computer anymore.

On top of it, we brought two little kitties home from the shelter. they are only 10 weeks old, super cute, and I rather spend my time with them then...on the computer you can guess^^

I'll try to remember the updates more frequently but I can't promise.

Silva

After they both had cleaned up, without ending the call, Hannibal decided to enjoy the comfort of his bed while he waited for Will to pick up the phone again.

Hannibal could hear Will talking to his phone, the sound of running water and the rustle of fur and fabric when Will claimed his spot on the bed.

“Sorry, I had to pick up my last brain cell from the counter to function again.”

Will’s voice was full of humour, and the wolf in their bond pushed playfully against Hannibal’s mind.

Laughing under his breath, Hannibal leaned back and held the phone his hand while he adjusted his blanket around his legs.

“That’s okay, Will, but I have to admit, you are bad for my self-control.”

A soft growl followed by surprised yips from the other side of the phone, and when Will started speaking again, his voice was lower and closer to a growl.

“You make me crave things I haven’t desired in ages that I thought I’d reached a point in my existence where it would be better to forget than keep going.”

Hannibal blinked and felt a surge of rage and despair rage in his mind. The old shifters, the truly old ones, they could merely…forget they were part human too. They allowed their feral nature to take over, and with every passing day, they would forget more and more that they

used to be a human being and became indeed the animal they could call upon on at will.

“Don’t forget, Will.”

It came out as a whisper, and Hannibal could feel the shadows draw closer to him like they wanted to consume him.

Even the oldest of the blood kin had their ways to leave this world for good.

“Don’t worry, Hannibal. I have no wish anymore to forget. Not when I found something new to entertain me for some time.”

Releasing the unnecessary breath he was holding, Hannibal shook his head.

“You are a tease, Will Graham.”

Will chuckled, and Hannibal felt the urge to bite him until he whimpered.

“Needs a tease to find another.”

Now it was Hannibal’s turn to chuckle, and he scratched the wolf snooping around in his mind behind its ears.
“True, but I hope it’s me and not your new admirer being the reason for you to stay around for longer.”

Will sighed heavily, and Hannibal realized that this was not the reaction he had been hoping for.

“No, Hannibal, I don’t fancy being courted by this asshole. He is either an Old Blood or might even be a Feral One. I’m not sure because I haven’t encountered one of the old bloodlines in ages. We are rare to begin with and even rare in the new territories. The monsters of the old world like to stick to their known territories.”

Scratching his chin, Hannibal felt the stubble of his beard and tried to remember what Will’s beard felt under his fingers because of the desire to eliminate the one causing Will such distress started to cloud his mind and better judgement.

“I know what you mean, Will. The ancient ones of the blood-kin prefer to stay in Europe as well. They consider it more…sophisticated than the newer territories.”

A lupine sound from the other side, followed by the rustle of fabric.

“When I came here for the first time, I felt free in a way I never felt in the old world. I ran for months without shifting back. I was a wolf among wolves, I hunted with my wild kin, and the feral packs accepted me as one of them easily. No politics, no wars, no rules, no…packs. I have no idea much time I spent with my wild kin…I only know that it was the closest I’ve ever come to forget…and sometimes I miss these easy times.”

Hannibal heard the longing in Will's voice, felt in the way the wolf brushed against his mind, and when Hannibal closed his eyes, he was sure he could hear the sad song of a wolf howling in the distance.

"You came here after the last Pack War, didn't you, Will?"

"Yes, I fought at the front, killed my own kin but not because I loved the fighting like so many others who lay rotten and dead on battlefields long forgotten. No, I wanted to survive so I can be my own wolf, where others are blinded by human greed and egoism. I was always closer to my wolf than my human side, which makes hiding in a time of technology so hard for me. Sometimes, mostly during the winter, I like to drive and keep driving until I reach a place where the snow is untouched by humans and just…run. However, I know that this is dangerous because I might not return one day. This killer, this wolf, he makes me remember things I buried a long time ago, and for that alone, I want to rip his throat out with my teeth."

Licking over his elongated fangs, Hannibal pushed his thirst to the back of his mind and focused only on what Will had just told him.

"As far as I know, you are within your right to kill him by pack law because he hunted in killed in your territory without your permission. You are the only wolf in this part of the continent with your age and strength, so you make the rules as I do with the blood-kin. He's forcing you to answer his courting, and this is offence enough to kill him, and now law written by humans or moon-bound shifter will affect you. You are above their puny laws as one of the ancient ones. You should use this, Will."

Silence on the other side and Hannibal had to check his display to make sure the call was still open because he couldn't hear anything from Will.

"Sometimes I forget that I'm speaking with something old enough to have seen what I saw and who remembers the old ways and laws…it's refreshing."

There was no emotion in Will's voice, and even the wolf seemed to be looking at Hannibal with a newfound curiosity.

"Thank you, Will. I'm happy to provide some kind of entertainment for you. It's hard to find when you've seen everything."

Will's chuckle was warm once again, and the wolf shook himself before he vanished into Will's side of the bond.

"Yeah, it's why I chose to work in law enforcement. I have seen so much blood in the past that nothing these modern times can throw in my path can touch me anymore."

"Others would consider this a mercy."

"And others consider it as something cruel and de-ranged from this world, but I learned not to care."

Hannibal wanted to answer, but he heard Will yawn heavily on the other side.

“Go to bed, Will, we can continue this call another time.”

There was another soft brush of fur against Hannibal’s mind, and it felt like he was touching Will’s wolf again.

“You’re right, Doctor. Good night.”

“Good night, Old one.”

The call disconnected, and Hannibal put his phone aside while staring at the ceiling of his bedroom.

He felt awake, and the urge to run felt like a heartbeat in his chest. Maybe he could offer Will a way to run without the danger of forgetting who he was. They could run together as long as Will desired, and Hannibal wouldn’t care if Will wore a human’s skin or a wolf’s fur.

Rubbing his face, Hannibal pushed his blankets aside and walked over to his wardrobe. He picked a simple sweater and his suit pants from earlier before he put on his shoes and took his leather jacket and was gone in the shadows before he heard the front door fell shut.

Hannibal ran for a while with no goal in mind, and the night was covered in dying darkness as the sun slowly started to rise at the horizon. He hadn’t realized how long he had been talking to Will, but he didn’t care. Will’s company was like a…beacon in the fog of time when the light became rare and fleeting.

However, there was still something that bothered Hannibal more than he liked to admit. It was the fact how easily Will Graham had managed to dig himself under Hannibal’s skin, and a vampire of his age should be bothered by something like this and yet…Hannibal welcomed Will’s wolf in his mind like a friend of old times, and Will’s wit and sharp mind offered the right kind of challenge to pull even Hannibal out of his millennial old stupor of sunrise and nightfall.

They were in the same boat, after all, two old monsters in a world created by young ones, and yet they walked among them undetected and, however, feared when the lifted the cloak they always wore around others.

There was no need to wear this cloak of civilization and sophistication around each other; they were equals in the age and maybe even in strength, and it felt refreshing to just be without the need to hide or walk through a mist of lies and half-truth to hold up a fragile peace.

Stopping in his run, Hannibal pushed his hair out of his face when he realized that his thirst was now hammering in his mind despite the fact that the amount of blood Will had given him. Hannibal always made sure to drink plenty, but his biology was now in an uproar after drinking from someone as powerful as Will and that several times paired with sex and desire.

Considering his next step, Hannibal had to crush the almost instinctive urge to go to Will and ask for his neck. He was sure that Will would offer Hannibal his vein with a smile, and Hannibal would accept the gift of Will's blood, but…he couldn't make himself so vulnerable and open.

The wolf was as fascinating as his blood tasted terrific, and yet something in Hannibal told him not to get too involved with the wolf.

The night was cold, and the air tasted of frost when Hannibal took a deep breath before he turned into a different direction. The shadows surrounded him like a lover's embrace, and his steps made no sound on the frozen ground.

He reached his destination after a few minutes running through the night. Others would need hours to cover the same distance, which was the reason this place existed here, to begin with.

There were rumours about places like this, blood dens as the humans call it, and that's what there were. Places for vampires to remember old times when the other races used to be nothing but their bed warmers and blood bags.

Usually, Hannibal stayed away from places like this. He had no need to make use of such places, to find easy meals and even easier sex, but tonight he needed to get his mind off a particular wolf, and a blood den offered the right kind of distraction.

Dropping the shadows around himself, Hannibal appeared right at the main entrance of the blood den. Other vampires, young and yet so proud of their near-immortality, jumped aside when they noticed one of their elders in der middle.

Hannibal didn't even glance in their direction but at the bouncer guarding the door. Just because one was a vampire didn't mean they would gain entrance quickly. The bouncer was a big and burly man of a vampire, and while he wasn't old yet, the man emanated strength…of the violent kind.

However, he seemed to have a few civil brain cells because he bowed immediately at Hannibal and opened the door for him.

As soon as Hannibal stepped inside the scents of blood and sex mixed with vampires, humans and werewolves greeted him.

His hunger became even stronger as he walked past guests and…dinners.

The blood den resembled what many pictures vampires to be; shades of dark red and black, sex wherever you looked, and vampires drinking from their donors, which were either brought here specifically to work as donors for the vampires. A highly paid job as Hannibal had heard, and he saw more than one barely clothed donor, males and females alike, who wore the scares of the vampires who fed on them with pride.

Hannibal had to force himself to keep his mask of languidness up, but on the inside, he felt disgusted by it. One should never mark a donor except when it was a mutual agreement or

even a relationship.

While Hannibal was perfectly aware of the many glances thrown in his direction, hunger and fear, Hannibal ignored all of them.

He picked a booth at the edge of the crowd, and as soon as the group of young vampires noticed an elder walking in their direction, they vacated their seats, and so Hannibal had the booth all to himself.

He had barely time to get comfortable when suddenly a vampire dressed in a dark red suit and black dress shirt appeared right in front of him.

“Good evening, Sir. How can I be at your service tonight.”

Looking around, Hannibal saw nothing that caught his eye, but he was here to take care of his thirst and nothing more.

“Good evening. Dinner would be marvellous, Sir. Fresh if possible.”

The vampire nodded and started to check his phone.

“Of course, Sir. Our dinner is always fresh from the source. Any preferences, Sir? We serve quite the menu.”

A picture of Will’s offered throat pushed itself to the forefront of Hannibal’s mind, and it took a lot of his will-power to push it aside.

“Female if you have…and a werewolf.”

Hannibal wanted to slam his fangs into his own tongue for this lapsus, but the vampire already nodded and typed something into his phone.

“As you wish, Sir. Your dinner will be here in a few minutes.”

With these words, the vampire vanished, and he didn’t seem to consider Hannibal’s wish weird or disgusting and yet Hannibal was annoyed by himself. He allowed his subconsciousness to direct his actions, again, and as much as he wanted to get Will out of his mind, it seemed to be an impossible task.

His dinner arrived while Hannibal was still angry with himself, and yet he longed for Will’s blood on his tongue.

“Good afternoon, Sir. I’m your dinner, Sir, just as requested.”

The young wolf had her gaze lowered to the ground with a head turned aside. Usually a gesture of submission, between wolves, but here she was showing off her “goods” to the vampire she would feed soon.

Even over the mix of scents in the room, Hannibal was able to smell the usual stench he associated with wolves and could barely contain himself to look disgusted. However, it wasn't the girl's fault because she was precisely what Hannibal had ordered; being rude to her would never be an option.

"Good afternoon, I hope you had a pleasant evening so far."

The wolf smiled, nodded, and her ponytail bounced playfully behind her.

She was everything that Will wasn't; small and of a slim build, dark blond hair and green eyes. She was soft, where Will was all muscle and hard strength.

"Yes, Sir. Thank you for asking. I hope your night is fun as well."

Sighing, Hannibal realized how young she was…almost painfully young and probably here for the kick or the money, maybe both.

"Indeed, my dear. Would you please look at me?"

The wolf looked up at his request, and Hannibal caught her gaze with his own.

It was easy to lure the wolf in, and the way her gaze seemed to stare at something in the far distance told Hannibal that many vampires had used this trick on her. Poor thing.

The wolf moved slowly and sat down next to Hannibal before she pulled her ponytail aside and offered Hannibal his throat.

This close, the stench was barely toleratable at all, and so Hannibal suppressed his urge to breath before he turned halfway around and prepared himself to bite her.

Hannibal was used to the difference in the taste of blood. He had tasted it in passion and battle, during sex and when it was nothing but a feed to silence his thirst but this time…

Gagging, Hannibal pulled away from the wolf and was thankful that he had put her into a snare before he started feeding on her.

Her blood tasted wolf and was like the stench he couldn't ignore any longer. Only the memory of Will's blood still running through his veins kept Hannibal from spitting the small amount he drank out.

Using a napkin he wound in his booth, he wiped his lips down and waved at the vampire who had taken his order earlier.

"Is everything to your liking, Sir?"

The vampire eyed first the wolf and then Hannibal but remained silent.

"A scotch, please and the bill."

The vampire bowed again and vanished in the crowd only to return with both requested things.

He handed Hannibal the glass filled with scotch while Hannibal gave him his credit card.

Hannibal barely tasted the scotch but allowed the alcohol to burn away the foul taste from his tongue, and hopefully, it would burn away the few droplets he had swallowed as well.

“Is…something wrong, Sir?”

The vampire refused to look at Hannibal and stared at the wolf.

Sighing, Hannibal released her from his magic, and the wolf slumped together, deeply asleep.

“No, she’s not my taste, but that’s not her fault. Add a generous tip for her tonight. I’ll be on my way.”

Nodding, the vampire vanished and returned shortly afterwards and gave Hannibal his credit card back.

“I did you as told me and added a generous tip for her tonight. I’m sorry she wasn’t to your liking, Sir.”

Grunting, Hannibal nodded at the vampire and left the blood den. He came here for a reason and left with his fangs aching and a foul mood equal to a wolf’s stench…

Damn you, Will Graham, and your delicious blood.

Burning Hunger

Hannibal heard the groan and protest of the steering wheel under his hard grip, but he didn't care. Leaning forward, Hannibal rested his head against the steering wheel while he tried to loosen his fingers before he caused more damage than necessary.

Closing his eyes, Hannibal tried to push the ever-burning thirst from his mind because he had to work soon, and yet he knew it would be a futile attempt on his behalf.

Three weeks since he saw Will Graham the last time. Three weeks since he last drank blood without feeling sick from it. Three weeks of a burning thirst, and yet he didn't feel hungry or weak from the lack of blood.

Hannibal felt strong as ever despite the lack of blood over the last three weeks. Usually, he would allow himself a day or two without blood, he didn't need much at his age after all, but three weeks was way over the time he preferred between his meals.

However, after three weeks of no blood, he should feel hungry, and he should feel the lack of nourishment, and yet he didn't. The only thing tormenting him was the burning thirst that made everything even harder on him.

He talked almost daily to Will over the phone, felt the wolf sniff around in his mind and yet Hannibal didn't tell Will about his…lack of hunger.

It still bothered Hannibal that Will managed to dig himself so deep under his skin, but there was no feeling of danger or threat from the wolf. Will seemed to be as lost as Hannibal in this situation.

They talked about everything and nothing. The case, politics, work…the past.

Talking about the past was never easy when one was as old as they were, but Hannibal enjoyed it nevertheless. It was refreshing to see specific points of history from a different view, and while Will lacked the skill of a poet, his words always created pictures and landscapes for Hannibal.

The only time Hannibal was spared from the burning thirst was when he was talking to Will and when the wolf was snooping around his mind. Usually, the thirst came back like a raging wave when Will and his wolf vanished from Hannibal's mind, and during one situation, Hannibal felt like he was losing control over himself.

He felt so annoyed by his patient that he could already feel his hand around the other man's throat, and he imagined the air around them filled with the scent of fear and panic…

Hannibal cancelled all of his appointments afterwards and spent most of his time at his home trying to get himself back under control.

It worked to a certain degree…until Will called and asked Hannibal to join him at Quantico.

Their killer, the one courting Will, had fallen off the grid during the last three weeks, but now a new crime scene showed up. Will had taken a look at it, and the bodies were already at the morgue, and Will asked Hannibal to join him for a meeting before he would take a look at the bodies.

Hannibal had agreed, happily so, but now that he was sitting in his car parked behind the huge FBI building, he wasn't sure if this was a good idea.

His thirst was burning in his mind and throat like wildfire, and yet Hannibal felt no hunger while a different part of him yearned to see Will again after three long weeks.

When Hannibal closed his eyes, he could almost imagine the feeling of Will's thick fur between his fingers.

Growling softly, Hannibal opened the door and left his car. No need to waste even more time.

He waited patiently for the wolf at the front desk to prepare his visitor pass, and Hannibal realized that he still hadn't had a good grip on himself. The wolf behind the plexiglass front tried not to look too long at Hannibal, and when he reached out to accept the visitor pass, the wolf stepped back to put more distance between himself and the vampire on the other side.

Adjusting the pass on his jacket, Hannibal chose to vanish in the long shadows of the hallways. No need to scare a trigger happy FBI agent…blood was hard to wash out from cashmere after all.

He saw the instinctive reactions on some of the older wolves when he passed them. They stopped dead in their tacks, scenting the air, searching the corridor for whatever had caused their instincts to scream at them.

Naturally, they saw nothing, but their reactions made Hannibal smile nevertheless. No predator liked to become prey.

Once he reached Jack's office, he dropped the shadows around him when the corridor remained empty.

The stench of werewolves was almost unbearable to Hannibal.

He knew that most of this scent belonged to Jack, stronger and more prominent right in front of his office, but there was a different scent as well, one Hannibal knew as well.

Alana Bloom.

Not bad in her field of work but sometimes painfully naïve when faced with beings older than she expects them to be just because they looked younger.

His instincts were screaming at Hannibal to rip the door out and kill those reeking of werewolves and be done with this. The stench was an offence to his senses, and maybe the feeling of a fresh kill's blood on his skin would calm the raging thirst. Never would Hannibal drink from someone reeking like this.

Suddenly, Hannibal became aware of the voices from the other side of the door, more like, he heard Will talking, and the murderous thirst calmed down. The wolf that was Will's other half pushed against Hannibal's mind, yipping happily at his close presence and brushed against Hannibal's leg playfully.

It felt good, even better, to feel Will's wolf so close again after weeks of the distance between them.

He usually would analyze this reaction, maybe would feel annoyed by it because it was another prove how close they had become, but right now Hannibal didn't care. Not when it felt like physical touch on his skin when Will's wolf brush against his mind, and he heard Will talk on the other side of the door.

The lack of noise was nothing Hannibal noticed…when suddenly the door in front of him was pulled open, and Will suddenly stood in front of him.

They simply stared at each other; eyes of deepest blue flecked with green in the cold office light met eyes of darkest maroon.

It changed when Hannibal took a deep breath and took Will's crisp and clear scent it.

The scents of a hunt under the silvery moon sicle, of snow covered pine forests, warm fur and blood hit him.

It felt like Hannibal was watching over his own shoulder as a red curtain fell over everything but Will.

His fangs didn't just ache from thirst, but they *hurt*. His thirst turned from a storm into an inferno unbeknown to Hannibal, and the scent of Will's blood so close was like fuel for a fire.

Hannibal felt his body move without a real thought as his mind slowly drowned in his instincts and the burning need for blood, Will's blood.

He lunged for Will, and now it showed that Will wasn't just an old wolf but *old*, reliable and fast.

Will blocked Hannibal's fast lung for his throat but blocked Hannibal's hand, gripped him by the wrist and pulled the raging vampire into the room.

Hannibal felt the shelves full of files bent under his back and the strength Will had used to pull him inside, but he didn't care. The wolf was resisting him, and Hannibal needs Will's blood, he was *burning* for it.

They lunged at each other at the same time, and while Hannibal noticed Will's claws slicing through the expensive material of this suit, Will didn't even leave a scratch on Hannibal's skin.

Another blow from Hannibal against Will's shoulder made the wolf grunt, but Will neither dropped his covering nor did he leave another opening for Hannibal to use against him.

Stuck in a short-time stalemate, Hannibal watched from afar how threw them through the room and into the next wall…so the others in the room could reach the door.

"Out! Now!"

Hannibal heard and felt the strength Will used to command the other wolves out of the room, and like shared sheep the wolves ran.

Their shared scent of fear, the smell of easy prey, hit Hannibal like a wave the coast, and he tried to lunge for the closest wolf passing him, but Will picked him up like he weighed nothing and threw Hannibal across the room.

Snarling, Hannibal came back to his feet, pushed a loose strand of hair out of his face and jumped over the desk where Will met him halfway in the air.

They collided midjump and crashed down in a tangle of long limbs, claws and loud snarls.

Rolling around, there was nothing else for Hannibal, but the dire need to get his fangs into Will's skin and the taste of the wolf's blood on his tongue.

"That's what you want, Hannibal? My blood for you to consume? Is that the reason why I always felt hungry for the last weeks? Your thirst?"

Snarling, Hannibal lunged again for Will, but the smug wolf dodged his attack with feline elegance. They came back to their feet, but Will was a breath faster than Hannibal…

Any other time Hannibal would have chuckled at the way Will tackled him to the ground only to straddle Hannibal's chest using his knees to pin him to the ground with one hand wrapped tightly around Hannibal's throat.

However, trapped in his feral and hungry mind, Hannibal snapped his elongated fangs at the wolf on top of him while trying to buck him off at the same time.

"Don't worry, Hannibal, and I'll give you what you are craving with your whole being."

Snarling, Hannibal snapped his fangs again at the smug wolf, …and his teeth suddenly met the flesh of Will's wrist and broke the skin.

Will hissed while Hannibal groaned at the rich taste of Will's blood, and the feral beast inside of Hannibal's mind moaned at the flavour while it rolled around in the red liquid like a dog in a puddle of water.

“It’s okay, Hannibal, take as much as you need.”

Growling, Hannibal closed his hands around Will’s forearm without realizing that Will had released him.

Usually, Hannibal would be disgusted by his own behaviour and his lack of control, but nothing bothered him at the moment when more of Will’s blood ran down his throat.

Memories, old and dusty, rose to Hannibal’s mind from the time he was still human…weak and breakable.

He remembered hot summers and the feeling of cold water running down his throat to quench his thirst. The smell of fresh and warm bread on a cold day in winter right before it was served with his mother’s stew.

The blood flow slowed down, and Hannibal bit down harder, desperate to get more, but a firm hand pulled him away from the source of the delicious blood.

Snarling, Hannibal held onto Will’s forearm until the wolf’s bones groaned under his grip, but Will only laughed, and no scent in the air showed if Will was in pain from Hannibal’s hard grip.

“It’s okay, Hannibal. I won’t cut you off. You can keep drinking.”

Hannibal felt how Will moved them, but he didn’t pay attention to it because Will pressed Hannibal’s mouth against his neck.

Pure instinct led Hannibal’s action, and he bit down, softer than before, after he tasted Will’s steady heartbeat under his tongue.

Will huffed in amusement and buried his long fingers in Hannibal’s hair.

“Take what you need, Hannibal. My blood is yours to take.”

And Hannibal buried his fangs even deeper in Will’s throat and never spilled a drop of the precious liquid.

Sated and hungover

Chapter Summary

THE END IS NEAR

When Hannibal finally came back to his senses, his body felt heavy and with the taste of Will's blood on his tongue.

Groaning, Hannibal tried to lift himself and felt like a newly turned vampire all over again. His limps moved sluggishly, and he needed several attempts to get his arms to work in his favour, and he was able to push himself up.

The scents alone told him that he was still in Jack's office, and slowly the memories came back from behind a crimson-coloured curtain.

He had attacked Will and not only had the wolf been able to stand up to Hannibal's strength, and stand his ground against Hannibal as well. Swallowing at the memories, Hannibal tasted more of Will's blood, and that was when more memories returned to Hannibal.

The moment when Will pressed his wrist against Hannibal's mouth to share his precious blood with the almost feral vampire, he accepted the pain from Hannibal's bite, and Hannibal felt something he identified as shame because he praised himself on his skill to turn his bite into something pleasurable. Still, today he fed on Will like a mindless beast.

When Will offered Hannibal his neck despite his feral state, he neither hesitated nor flinched but pulled Hannibal close.

Rubbing over his mouth with the back of his hand, Hannibal tried to get up because he didn't want to sit on the dirty floor of Jack's office any longer than necessary.

Grunting, Hannibal felt his legs gave in under him. He drank too much, and now his body was trying to work through the massive amount of strong and powerful blood he consumed. However, strong hands on his shoulders pulled Hannibal against a muscular chest, and this was the first time since waking up again that Hannibal realized he wasn't alone.

Will was still with him.

The wolf's heartbeat steady against Hannibal's back, and even though several layers of clothes between them, Hannibal felt it as clear as if he had his hand on Will's chest.

"Easy, Hannibal. You took more than is good of my blood. Even one as old as you will need

some time to work through this. It's like you are drunk on my blood, Hannibal."

Humming, Hannibal nodded, or maybe his head lolled from one side to the other, he didn't know, but Will was like a solid and warm wall behind his back. Will's breath ghosted the skin on Hannibal's throat while long fingers rested on Hannibal's chest.

"You scared me quite a bit over the last few weeks, Hannibal. At first, I thought it had something to do with the full moon rising soon, but that wasn't what I was feeling, not at all. I was hungry all the time, but food couldn't fill the void. I went out hunting one night, and a poor rabbit had the bad luck to cross my path. Before I could even think about what I was doing, the poor little critter ended up between my fangs, and I ripped him apart only to devour him. I woke up the next morning with pieces of fur between my teeth. Not a nice feeling to wake up to. I had to floss for like an hour before I got everything out."

Laughing, Hannibal still felt heavy and sluggish and even Will made a huffing sound that was supposedly his attempt at laughing.

"What happened to you, Hannibal? You don't strike me as one to starve. Why didn't you drink enough up to the point that you went for my throat the second you saw me?"

Blinking, Hannibal tried to focus, but his thoughts kept drifting away like water dripping past his fingers. However, he needed Will to understand that he didn't attack him voluntarily. It had been an accident, and he still wasn't any wiser why he wasn't able to drink any other blood but Will's.

Growling, Hannibal forced himself to form the words and pressed them out between clenched fangs.

"Couldn't drink from anyone but you."

Will made an indistinctive sound at Hannibal's explanation and started to get up behind Hannibal.

"I never had this problem with vampires who drank from me, but I believe you, Hannibal."

Strong arms lifted Hannibal with strange-feeling ease before Will managed to get a good grip on Hannibal.

Grunting, Will pulled Hannibal against his side with one arm thrown over his shoulder and with his hand holding Hannibal steady by his side.

"I have my guesses why this is the case, Hannibal, and we'll discuss them once you are back in your own mind, and we are at a safe place. Your car is parked in the parking lot?"

Hannibal heard the question in Will's mind, but it still took a lot of energy in his blood-drunk state to nod.

"Okay, we are going to take your car, and then I'll bring you to Wolf Trap. I know you would

feel better in your territory, but right now, I'm better off than you are, and so I'll bring you into my territory. There we can rest and later talk."

When Hannibal nodded this time, the movement was already more fluid than before, but his body still felt heavy and tired.

Hannibal heard Will calling someone, and from the gruff sounding voice coming from the other side, he was talking to Jack. When he noticed the ordering tone of Will's voice, Hannibal smiled while he tried to get his body back under control to be more steady on his feet so Will didn't have to drag him through the FBI building and over the parking lot.

"Okay, Jack is clearing the hallways from his office and all the way to your car. We won't run into anyone. When one makes the call that a pissed off vampire is passing the building together with an old wolf, people do as they are told. I shouldn't like it as much as I do, to be honest."

Lifting his head, Hannibal smiled or tried to, but Will rolled his blue eyes at him with a small smile on his face.

The hallways were devoid of people, but Hannibal could still make out a specific scent in the air; fear…and fear always means easy prey.

However, his drunken state of mind didn't allow him to follow the urge to hunt, and so he leaned closer to Will.

Hannibal was fascinated by the earthy scent of Will and how calm the wolf was despite their fight earlier and the way Hannibal had taken his blood, violently and without asking for it. His breath was entirely even and calm, just like his heartbeat.

The steady beat of Will's heart had the same alluring sound as Hannibal had come to love over the time they had to spend together. This sound had become something that followed Hannibal into his dreams during the day, and even now, in his blood-drunk state of mind, Hannibal marvelled at this beautiful sound.

The cold outside helped Hannibal to gather his sluggish thoughts, and only then did he realize that he had been pawing at Will's chest, right over his heart.

"It's okay, Hannibal. I won't use this knowledge against you when you've returned to your mind."

Had he been talking all the time?

"Yes, you have, and I don't mind. When we are back at my place, you can listen to my heartbeat as long as you want."

Hannibal didn't know if he nodded or if it was his body trying to shut itself down. However, he was more than aware of warm fingers digging around in the front pockets of his pants to get the keys for the Bentley out.

Will muttered something under his breath, but Hannibal couldn't make out the words. He tried to help as well as he could to get his sluggish body into the car, but Will still had to do most of the moving.

Once the seat belt was draped over his chest and lap, Hannibal realized with amusement that Will had carried more of his weight than Hannibal was able to do himself at the moment.

Will slide into the driver's seat with ease, and moments later, the Bentley hit the road with a softly purring engine.

In the cramped space of the car, Hannibal realized that he could smell Will even better and that the sweet taste of his blood seemed to fill the air between them.

Groaning, Hannibal closed his eyes, leaned his head against the cold window and tried to get his breathing reflex to stop completely.

"This is so weird that I don't have words for it. Could…could you please start breathing again? I can feel your presence in the car, but not hearing your heartbeat or your breathing is concerns me, Hannibal. I can open the window if my scents bother you."

Opening his eyes, Hannibal watched Will open the Windows in the front a bit and all the way at the back. Cold air and wind filled the car and carried the scent with them.

The wind, the sounds of the smoothly running car and steady beating of Will's heart lulled Hannibal in a comfortable state of being awake but not completely. He felt warm and cozy despite the cold wind rushing past his face the way he was leaning back into his seat.

The highway became a road, and the road turned into something made of gravel.

Once the car stopped, instincts tried to direct Hannibal's movements when he tried to leave the car, but his body wouldn't follow the orders given by his instincts.

His legs didn't support his weight, but before Hannibal's knees could hit the gravel, strong arms gripped him around the chest and lifted him like he weighed nothing.

"Not so fast, Mr. Vampire. You are in no condition to walk on your own. Come, I'll get you comfortable. Maybe it's not up to your standard but it's all I have to offer you at the moment."

Looking over Will's shoulder, Hannibal spotted a two-story building made of dark wood with places in dire need of a repair crew, but otherwise, it looked like someone was living here. Dog toys were scattered around in front of the house, and Hannibal noticed a smaller building in some distance to the house.

It was what the human eye would see, but deeper down, Hannibal saw the markings of occupied wolf territory. Scratch marks on tree trunks and fence posts, patches of fur on the fence and large paw prints were snow-covered the gravel.

“It’s okay, Will.”

Typically, Hannibal wouldn’t enter such a place, but it actually felt like Will’s territory to him, and so all thoughts which would generally bother him vanished.

Will dragged him over to the porch and opened the door without using a key.

No one with a sliver of a brain would enter a wolf’s den without the wolf’s permission, and even when someone was at a loss of higher brain capacity, Will would find them and make them regret the trespass of his territory.

The pack of canines came running at their master with happy barking, and yipps…which stopped immediately when they noticed the stranger at their master’s side.

Looking down at the pack, Hannibal saw several breeds of dogs, old and young, small and big, but the one at the front, the calmest and most behaved, kept the others in check before they could reach their master and his guest.

The dog strolled closer, and Hannibal noticed the intelligence in the dark brown eyes.

“This is Winston. I’m not sure if he ever met a vampire. I found him at night on the street.”

Lifting his hand to offer his scent to the canine was difficult, but Hannibal knew a protector when he saw one, and this dog was feeling protective over his master. The dog’s black nose touched the back of his hand, but whatever the dog’s decision was regarding the vampire in his master’s territory, Hannibal didn’t know. However, the dog looked up at his master, sneezed and walked off deeper into the house.

Next to Hannibal, Will chuckled amused and shook his head.

“You have been accepted as one of the pack, Mr. Vampire. You can expect to find yourself surrounded by dogs the moment you hit the sheets.”

Normally, Hannibal would shudder in disgust at the mere thought of being surrounded by dogs in his bed, but…he wasn’t at his own home, this was Will’s, and according to Will, he had been accepted here. Dealing with a few dogs didn’t seem so bad at the moment.

Only moments later, Hannibal found himself dropped down onto something soft, which smelled strongly of Will and his dogs.

Looking around as much as he could, Hannibal realized that he was in Will’s bed and that Will wasn’t trying to get his shoes off.

“Not the way I imagined it to be when you get me into your bed, wolf.”

The words were coming easier to Hannibal, but he felt tired and sated.

“Believe me, Hannibal, I thought about it to be much more different as well, but it doesn’t matter. You can sleep your blood-drunkenness off in my bed. I have to leave again to get some groceries into the fridge and me. You took a lot my blood and even I have to eat something to make this up. My pack will protect you, and you took more than enough of my blood for me to know should something be wrong. I’ll be gone for an hour, maybe a bit more. Don’t worry and just rest, okay, Hannibal?”

Will’s hands were incredibly warm when they touched Hannibal’s face, and it was an impossible task to not lean into the warm touch.

There were no words between them when Will touched his forehead against Hannibal’s, an intimate gesture and as much as Hannibal wanted to answer it, he could as his body slowly drifted into a slumber.

He still felt Will help him out of his jacket and dress shirt before darkness clouded Hannibal’s senses.

The next thing he knew was the crashing sounds of splintering glass, barking dogs, the deep growl of a wolf and a blinding pain in his arm.

Between light and darkness

Chapter Notes

And here we are...the last chapter.

Thank you to all of you who stayed with me. Your comments always made my mostly shitty days a lot better and so I'm kinda sad to post the last chapter but I know you have been waiting for this^^

Before you start reading, know this....the ending is in a way that will allow me to write a 2nd part of this verse. I WANT to write a 2nd part of this verse but it'll take time. I signed up for the Hannibal Bingo on tumblr to get back into writing because I wasn't able to write anything for almost 8 months now :(

Stay tuned, I hope you like the chapter^^

have fun :)
Silva

Snarling, Hannibal lunged for the wolf who hard his fangs buried in his left arm. The first hit didn’t do much damage because Hannibal was still feeling sluggish, even after the bit of sleep, but the second hit his target.

Hannibal smashed his fist with almost full strength against the wolf’s eye. The yelped in pain, let go of Hannibal’s arm and pulled back while shaking his head.

The second the wolf let go of Hannibal’s arm, the vampire was back on his feet, and now the bed he was just resting on was between them.

Blinking, Hannibal felt the blood-drunkenness becoming weaker as his body used the powerful blood in his veins to fix the damage in his arm. Looking down at his shredded arm, Hannibal realized that the wolf had bitten right through the significant muscle parts of his forearm and that his left hand was useless until he was more healed.

Shaking his head, Hannibal stared at the wolf on the other side of the room.

It wasn’t Will, but Hannibal had been sure about this fact the moment he realized he was under attack.

This wolf was big, and his fur was black with grey around the arms, blood-red eyes filled with hatred stared at Hannibal while the wolf growled and showed his finger-long and sharp fangs at him.

However, the most disturbing fact was that his wolf wasn't just an Old Blood like Will, no, this one was a Feral One as he stood on his hind legs and roared at Hannibal before he leaped over the bed.

Growling, Hannibal sidestepped the wolf and hammered his fist into the wolf's kidney. As long as his body was still healing his arm, he had to be on the defence as long as possible. Now Hannibal was grateful for the amount of blood Will had him allowed to take because it allowed him to fight and heal without getting any slower.

The wolf yelped once more in pain before he snarled and lunged at Hannibal with his claws.

A burning and sharp pain told Hannibal that the wolf had graced him with his claws along his naked chest. A minor inconvenience compared with his arm.

Hissing, Hannibal tested the flexibility of his left hand and fingers and realized that he was already getting back control over the shredded flesh.

The wolf whirled around, trashing the bed in the process and leaped once more at Hannibal.

This time Hannibal allowed the wolf closer, stemmed his shoulder against the wolf's broad chest and used his movement to throat him down to the ground over Hannibal's shoulder.

Hearing the way the wolf was forced to exhale with the impact, Hannibal didn't stop his movement and drove his fist with full strength into the wolf's sternum.

The hybrid form of the Feral One's offered them a significant advantage. Still, when one was strong, fast and armed with the knowledge of fighting other supernatural beings with a human form, most wolves had no idea how to deal with them.

Hannibal had been fighting against humans, and vampires alike in the past knew how to deal with them, and while he never had to fight a Feral One in direct combat, he knew how to hold his ground.

He was about to deliver his next punch when the snarling wolf rolled away, and Hannibal buried his fist in Will's floor.

Never taking his eyes off the snarling wolf in front of him, Hannibal noticed the vast gap that used to be the window in Will's kitchen. Debris and glass were everywhere, and Will's pack of canines stayed low or had run off through the hole in the wall, he didn't know.

The wolf crouch down, protecting his vulnerable belly against his enemy, and left deep claw marks on Will's floor while glowering at Hannibal.

Earlier, Hannibal felt nothing but a heavy tiredness dragging his body down, but something else was slowly rising within his blood.

Rage.

This wolf dared to attack his wolf's den and hurt his canine pack, and he was going to pay for this.

Flexing his fingers, Hannibal lifted his left arm and showed the wolf that the damage he had done was already healed…before Hannibal called for the shadows all around them.

He knew that his silhouette became blurry for the wolf, and he used the wolf's surprise to his advantage and reappeared behind him.

Jumping onto the wolf's back, Hannibal wrapped his arm around the wolf's thick neck, locked his grip with his other arm and put the wolf into a choke-hold.

The wolf snarled, but the sound broke off because of Hannibal's grip as he tried to get Hannibal to loosen his grip. He tried to reach back to use his long sharp claws to hurt Hannibal, and he couldn't dodge the swipes fast enough a couple of times, but Hannibal didn't let go. If he could hold onto the wolf until he passed out from the lack of oxygen, then he could kill him without trouble. He tried to break the wolf's neck, but the beast was strong, and his muscles so tense that Hannibal couldn't get into the right position to simply choose that option.

However, the wolf realized that he was about to lose, and so he buried his claws deeply into Hannibal's arms.

Hissing, Hannibal couldn't suppress the reflex forcing his arms to open at the sudden pain, and he couldn't vanish fast enough in the shadows as the wolf gripped him tightly.

The wolf didn't let go of Hannibal's shoulder but buried his long claws in the thick muscle and whirled Hannibal around only to smash him again and again into the floor.

Trying to pry the beast's claws open seemed to be a pointless fight until Hannibal got his fingers onto a long broken piece of glass.

The next time the wolf lifted him, Hannibal used all of his strength to push the shard into the soft flesh between thumb and index fingers of the wolf's clawed hand.

The wolf yowled loudly while letting go of Hannibal, who landed on his feet only to roll away from under the swipe of huge claws.

Looking around, Hannibal realized that Will's wolf had fled from the fight, and while the living room and kitchen were trashed, he didn't want to risk getting more Will's home destroyed during the battle. There was even a chance that one of the dogs was hiding between the debris, but over the sounds of the snarling wolf and his breathing, Hannibal couldn't focus on any other heartbeats in the house.

Watching the wolf pull the shard out of his hand, Hannibal made a decision.

Gripping the already destroyed couch, Hannibal smashed it over the wolf's head, and he

hoped that the breaking sound he heard came from the wolf and not the broken furniture.

He was going to replace everything for Will when he was done with this rude bastard.

Jumping through the broken wall, Hannibal landed in the fresh snow that had fallen during his short time in Will's den. The Bentley's tire marks in the snow were as good as invisible under the fresh snow, but Hannibal couldn't tell how long Will had been gone anyway.

The sound of breaking wood followed by an enraged snarl made Hannibal lookup. The wolf picked up a broken piece of the wall and threw it at Hannibal's direction.

Dodging the makeshift missile, Hannibal was thankful that he was as good as immune to the cold, or this fight would be over soon. Will had stripped him down to his pants and nothing else, and so he stood in the still falling snow with bare feet as the colossal wolf stepped out of Will's house.

Once outside, the beast stood to his full height, and Hannibal realized how big the wolf actually was. The wolf stretched his head from left to right until his neck cracked loudly before he flexed his claws and levelled his hateful glare at Hannibal.

"You won't take what is ours."

The words were slurred because of the enormous fangs, but Hannibal still understood every word. This fight was going to cost him greatly, but he didn't care. His blood was boiling with rage when he saw the damage done to Will's home.

Hannibal was about to reply to the wolf's threat when he felt another presence behind him, and his blood told him who was suddenly standing behind him.

Looking over his shoulder, Hannibal expected to see the familiar wolf Will had shown him, grey and silver, and what he saw was the wolf of grey and silver just…bigger.

Smirking, Hannibal shook his head because he should have known that Will was more than an Old Blood, and his own reaction to Will's blood had shown the strength in the wolf's blood after all.

Will stood calmly behind Hannibal; blue eyes focused on the wolf that had destroyed his home. He was taller than the wolf, which had attacked Hannibal, but the other one was more sturdy in his whole build.

"And you won't take what is mine."

Perfect and clearly spoken words and no traces of the slurred words like from the other one.

The other wolf couldn't even finish his snarl when Will jumped over Hannibal with ease, tackled the wolf and threw him into a snowdrift before the other could react.

Chuckling, Hannibal met Will's eyes, who went for his opponent again, but the other wolf

jumped Will with bared teeth and naked rage in his eyes.

Both wolves hit the snow and rolled around while clawing at each other with bared fangs and claws trying to reach something vulnerable.

Staying back and letting Will fight wasn't easy, but the best for now as Hannibal waited in a crouched position for an opening in the wolf's defence. He didn't want to risk for Will to lose his concentration because he thought he needed to protect Hannibal.

Suddenly something charged the wolf from the left, and only the wolf snarled and shook his left leg did Hannibal realized that Winston had locked his jaws around the wolf's calf and didn't let go even when the wolf shook his leg violently to dislodge the dog while Will was still attacking him.

Hannibal watched the wolf lifting his arm to smash his claws into Winston's unprotected side, and it was the moment Hannibal saw his chance.

Jumped once more on the wolf's back, Hannibal held onto the wolf's fur and forced his head back.

Looking at Will at this moment made Hannibal feel like time was slowing down to a crawl. He lowered his mouth with bared fangs to the wolf's throat, and while the feeling of fur on his tongue wasn't pleasant, the taste of the wolf's blood when Hannibal bit down was awful, but he still didn't let go.

The blood was filled with magic, but it held no lure for Hannibal, unlike Will's blood.

While Hannibal did his best to let the wolf bleed out, Will went right for the soft flesh of his opponent's belly. Claws and teeth ripped at the soft tissue until the wolf's intestines spilled on out and turned the white snow red.

It didn't like long, it never does, but it felt like forever until their enemy stopped twitching and sacked to the ground, dead to the world.

Will pulled back with his muzzle covered red from blood and bits of flesh between his teeth. He was still staring down at the wolf who dared to attack his home while Hannibal wiped his mouth with a hand full of snow and spit out some of the blood. It tasted awful.

"Are you okay, Hannibal?"

The calmness of the words betrayed the rage Hannibal could feel Will's blood.

"More or less. He took me by surprise because I was too blood-drunk, but I think I found the reason for my earlier state."

Will let his ears dropped while he petted a distressed Winston by his feet.

"I wanted to tell you when you were back in your own mind. I'm sorry I allowed you to drink

so much from me, Hannibal."

Stepping up to Will after he used more snow the get the foul taste out of his mouth, Hannibal made Will look up, which only worked because he was standing on all fourth in front of him.

"There is still time to talk about that. I'm more curious about what he meant with his words. That I'm taking what is theirs."

It bothered Hannibal because it meant more wolves were waiting in the shadows to attack them.

Will stared at the dead wolf, but now he sniffed the dead body only to pull back immediately.

"A pack, he was part of a pack, and now they know he's dead. He was not old, maybe a few centuries, but his parents must be old or someone from his pack is. I can only mean that he was the one leaving the gifts for me, and this means he was sent out to procure me for their pack. I'm old, if not the oldest wolf in the new world. Should I ask to join one of the packs roaming this country, they would bow down at once for me, which is another reason why I won't join a pack."

Growling, Hannibal finally realized why the wolf went for him.

"And I was a threat to their plans to make you join their ranks."

Will nodded and stared in the distance before he looked down at Winston.

"Can you call Jack and get him here to take care of this mess? I need to find my dogs."

Nodding, Hannibal pressed his face against Will's neck, still covered in scratch marks but already healing.

"I'll take care of Uncle Jack, and then we will consider our next step regarding this pack."

Will's wolf pushed against Hannibal's mind while Will ran off with his nose close to the ground while he searched for his canine pack while Winston seemed to decide that he wanted to stay with Hannibal.

Hannibal found Will's phone in the ruins that were his home and called Jack.

It took the FBI an hour before Hannibal saw the first lights of their car to arrive and a swarm of agents started to search the place.

The snow never stopped following slow and softly only to cover the gruesome marks of the fight. The dead wolf's body was covered in a soft layer of white on black fur, and when Jack came too close to Hannibal, Winston snarled and kept his position between the agent and Hannibal.

In the distance, a wolf howled in a long and sad sound, which forced all of the agents to stop

dead in their tracks.

Another song rose over the falling snow, this one full of challenge and Hannibal felt his fingers twitch with the urge to leave the FBI behind and join the wolf of the second song in his hunt.

The snow-covered the blood of their shared kill, and Hannibal knew it wouldn’t be the last one.

End Notes

For more of my insanity, find me on tumblr: Silvaxus You want on my taglist on tumblr? No Problem! Write me a message either here on Ao3 with your tumblr tag, write me on tumblr or hit me on discord with Silvaxus#6378

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